BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY
1945

NEGLEY FARSON
NEIL BELL

DAY RUSSELL
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

It's easy . . . it's quick . . . it's delicious

Omelette: made with dried eggs — new laid eggs with nothing but the shell and water taken away. Appetising; digestible. So simple and easy, too. For the perfect omelette, try this way:

1 *Quantities for two people.* Mix 4 level tablespoons dried egg, with salt and pepper, and 4 tablespoons water till smooth. Beat well. Gradually add 4 more tablespoons water, keeping mixture very smooth. Again beat well.

2 Meanwhile, heat ½ oz. cooking fat in a frying pan (use the thickest one you have) until it starts to smoke. Pan and fat must be very hot. Pour egg in quickly.

3 As it cooks, lift edges with fork, allowing liquid egg to run under, until all is set. This takes from 1 to 1½ minutes. *Don't overcook it.* Now add, if you want to, grated cheese, chopped vegetables; meat, bacon etc. or herbs. Or jam. Fold over omelette away from handle of the pan so that it rolls over on to a *hot* plate.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD. DE.CI

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 30, No. 5 MAY, 1945

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Study of a Sergeant-Major

Satin-smooth, gossamer-light, with the fragrant freshness of youth . . . so lovely are complexions by Tattoo!

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Nude, Flesh, Brunette or Native:
Large Box 4/1½d. (inc. tax)
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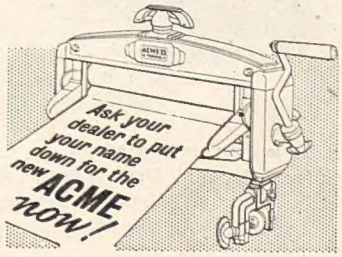
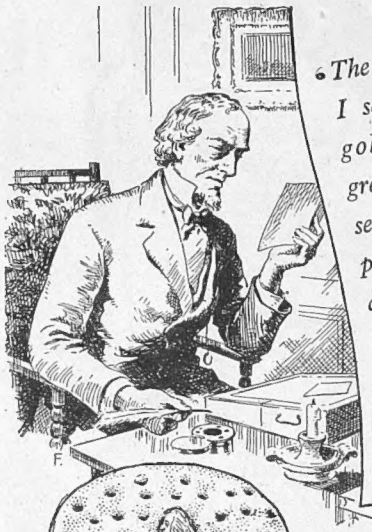
For five years I've dreamed about my new home—

And as every woman will understand, most of my dreams have been about the kitchen I'd have. How I'm looking forward to my Acme! No wash-day terrors for me, with a wringer that's so easy to use and so easy on the clothes, too. I've seen blankets put through an Acme, and frail little baby clothes, too — and both come out just perfect.

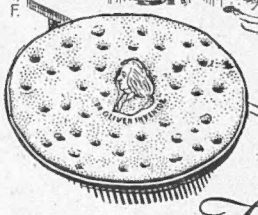
Great news! The day when your dream will come true is drawing near. Soon now new, better-than-ever Acmes will be at your dealers. Lose no time! Be sure that you are among the first to get one of the new Acmes, for the whitest washes and the easiest wash-days you have ever known.





'The day before yesterday I sent you a leash of golden plovers — the greatest delicacy of this season. They suit the palate after a bad cold, as well as Oliver's biscuits, which are famous.'

—DISRAELI WRITING TO MRS. BRYDGES WILLIAMS, 6th MARCH, 1862.



For over 200 years, Bath Oliver Biscuits have won the recognition of discriminating palates because of their inimitable crispness and quality. Although wartime conditions have affected supplies today, they will be plentiful again when peace is here.

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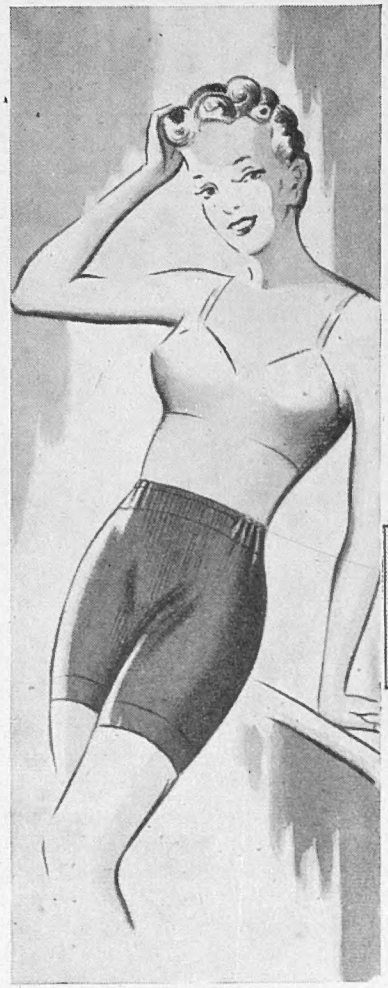
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS



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They're Smart
They're Hutton's

In a good range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

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Bisto enables us to make just as tempting dinners out of all sorts of left-overs. For Bisto makes plenty of delicious thick, rich gravy.

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HEINZ 57

Always ready to serve

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Deep in his pocket he dug
To save more money week by week
And diddle the Squander Bug.

BUY NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

BECAUSE:

Every 15/- earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.

•

This increase is not subject to Income Tax.

•

They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.

•

Savings up keeps prices down.

•

Savings help to win the war

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Cerebos

Salt of crystal purity

Anne French regrets that she has been unable to supply many of her clients with her Cleansing Milk. After the war, however, she hopes once again to supply all the demands of the home market. In the meantime, she is helping the war effort by developing her business abroad where her Cleansing Milk is becoming increasingly popular.

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

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Take it from me—

Phillips

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PERFECT COOKING
plus
CONSTANT HOT WATER

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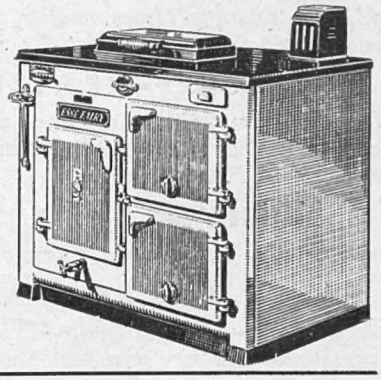
It is ideal for small households, giving a constant supply of hot water for domestic purposes.
Also available without water heating unit.



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Sundour

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Biscuits

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H.M.V

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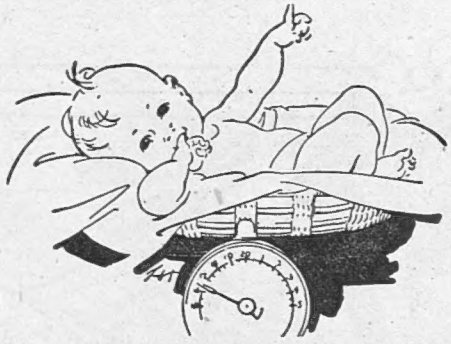
ELECTRIC IRONS • ELECTRIC WASHERS • RADIANT FIRES
ROOM HEATERS • HOT-PLATES • COOKERS • REFRIGERATORS

BEDTIME STORY. The day has been full of fun and now one more chapter of a bedtime story. Then it's time for a cup of OXO and happily to bed.

Prepared from
PRIME RICH BEEF



HEALTHY GAINS *for* YOUR BABY

Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother.

Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe antacid and gentle laxative for babies.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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Makers of High Quality Biscuits

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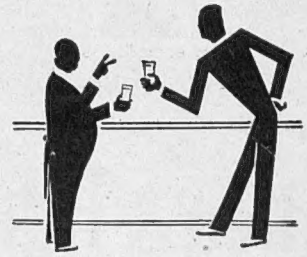
McVITIE & PRICE, LIMITED

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING



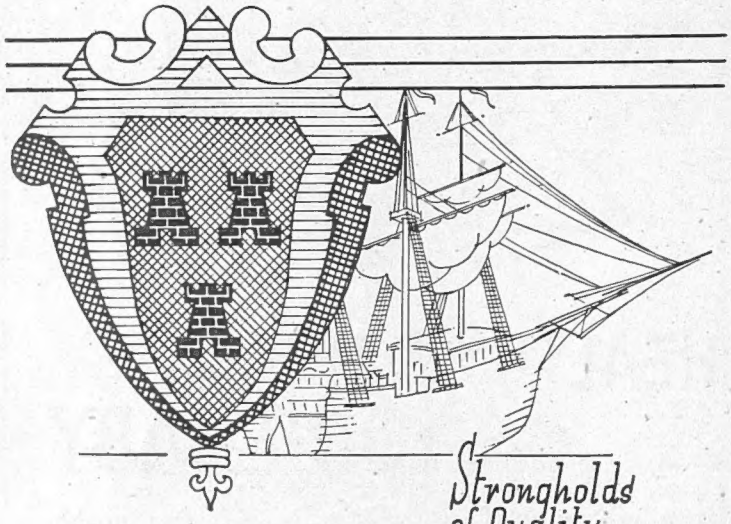
"Then shall our name(s) familiar . . .

as household words

Be in their flowing cups

freshly remembered"

Schweppes



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WILLS'S "THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES

20 for 2'8

T.T.212.D

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company, (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

CREATED BY A MASTER

PERFUME
LIPSTICK
FACE POWDER

GOYA

LONDON, W.1

THE BEST YOU COULD BUY . .

THE BEST YOU WILL BE ABLE TO BUY . .

IN THE MEANTIME, REMEMBER . .

Witnedown BLANKETS

The WHYS and the WHEREFORES of WOOL

Mothers who choose Pure Wool for baby's underwear are safe in the knowledge that they are choosing Nature's way in providing health protection essential to babies and young children.

The development of the Chilprufe Special Process of treating the Selected Pure Wool ensures that the finished material is unshrinkable, retains that lovely softness, is rendered easy to wash, and will keep its shape. Behind the individual workmanship which goes into every Chilprufe garment there are years of experience and mothers can be sure that Chilprufe Underwear will satisfy their keenest demands for Protection and Economy.

At present made for Infants and Young Children only.

CHILPRUFE

IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
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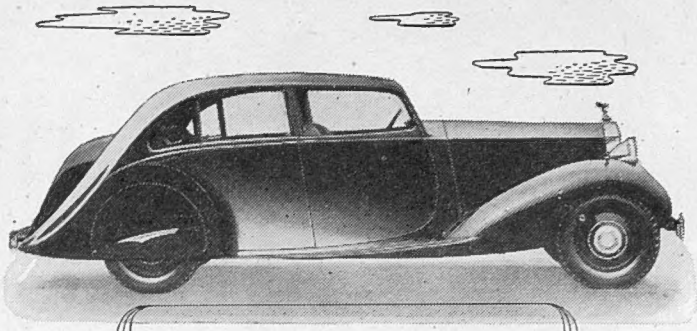
LEICESTER



The best today will be better

One by one, the pleasures of those pre-war years will return. Among them — at perhaps no long distant date—will be the unsurpassed grace and dignity of Park Ward Coachwork, even more acceptable with its still higher standard of beauty and comfort.

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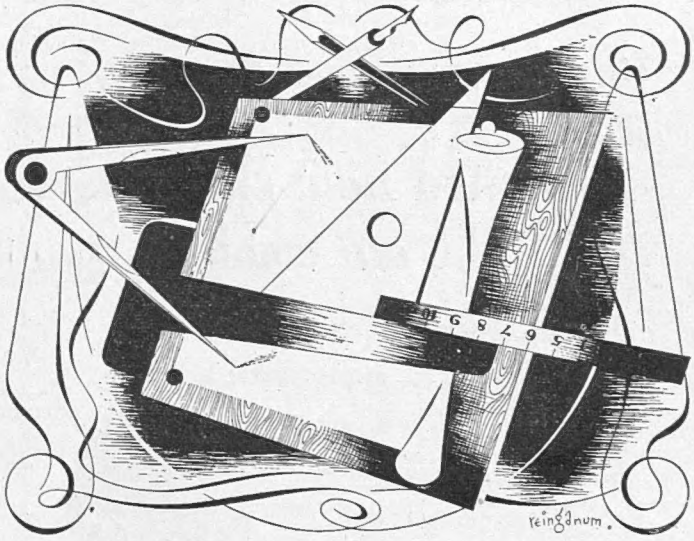
& CO. LTD.
473 High Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10
Telephone: Willesden 2595
Telegrams: Warenpar-Willroad-London
Officially Appointed Retailers of Rolls-Royce and Bentley Cars

Be smart, be fresh, be free from perspiration taint. Do this: put 1 teaspoon of 'Milton' in a glass of water. Wash, and then bathe underarms well. 'Milton' costs 8d. and 1/11½d.

What every woman ought to know: send a 1d. stamp for booklet, *Married Wisdom*, to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 12, John Milton House, London, N.7.



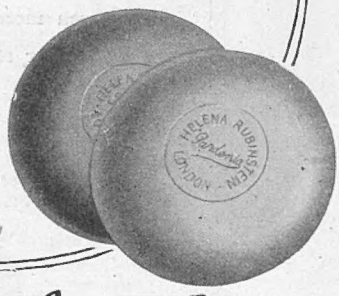
On the artist's drawing-board are first born the shapes of things to come. Here it is that Marshall designers show their awareness of the needs of the changing world, and their unerring sense of good value.

Marshall Fabrics

STYLE RIGHT—PRICE RIGHT

FASHION RAYONS, PRINTED, DYED AND WOVEN. DRESS, SUITING AND COATING WOOLLENS. WOVEN COTTONS

Fine soap is the perfect cleanser for every type of skin. Helena Rubinstein offers a complete beauty treatment in her Herbal Soap. Perfumed with Gardenia or Rose, 2/6 per tablet, including Tax.



Helena Rubinstein

48 BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

TELEPHONE: GROSVENOR 1407

Spring tonic...

This suit is an arch-flatterer; a highly-recommended tonic for the spring! All-wool georgette bouclé with contrasting shell-pattern edge . . . Crochet buttons, so new, so very feminine . . .

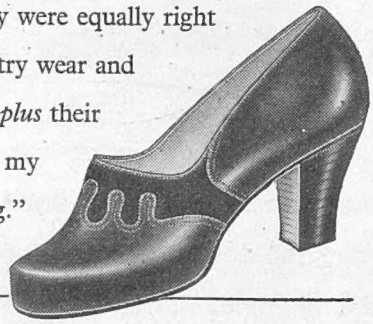
Hershelle MODEL

. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

What made me choose Moccasin?

"I wanted *new* shoes with the *old* comfort..

I bought MOCCASIN. They felt as a quality shoe *should* feel . . . as comfortable as an old pair. They were equally right for town or country wear and this double-duty *plus* their durability helped my coupon-budgeting."



MOCCASIN TWO-PURPOSE *Shoes* SAVE PRECIOUS COUPONS

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., *Moccasin Shoe Makers*, NORTHAMPTON

REGD

Youthlines hope they'll soon be opening their post-war box of surprises. Foundation garments for a world where fashion can have its fling. For whatever the fling, it will call for lines of youth—youth regained if necessary. You'll need a basis-for-fashion supple as the skin of a cat yet clasping as a handshake. A foundation-for-fashion worthy of peace and **Youthline**

GIRDLES CORSELETTES AND BRAS BY W.B.

Britannia and Eve
MAY 1945

"What do you mean by sending up silly messages to me?" I asked indignantly. "I have no brother, and your line is as old as the hills"

Between The Two Of Us

A Triangle Story of Two Women and a Man

By Dilys Kirk

MY name is Eve Carey. I 'm twenty-five years old and I 've spent the last seven years struggling to get somewhere on the stage. I 'm still struggling, but I 'm not likely to get anywhere because, although I 'm what 's called a ravishing beauty, I 'm no actress and never will be—but it 's the only job I know.

I 've been around in seven years and I know what makes Adam run and Eve swoon. I know it isn't love, as the story-books tell you—but £ s. d.

When I was two years younger, I thought it was love that made the world spin round, that kept the whole thing going.

Now that I 'm over it, I can't understand the fatal charm Peter Jay had for me. He was a tap-dancer—tall, lean and delicate-looking. But then the theatre world is cluttered up with tall, lean, delicate-looking tap-dancers—so it couldn't have been that.

Perhaps I had a mother-complex about him. Anyway, I loved him. I coddled him. I lent him money. I went without the odd new lipstick, the extra pair of stockings, the necessary hair-do, so that I could buy him presents. I thought of him every waking moment and dreamt of him most of the sleeping ones. I believed in him as a dancer. I 'd have ripped the throat out of anyone who suggested he wasn't just the best. I hounded agencies for him when he was out of work. I—well, I loved the man, and I had every reason in the world to think that he loved me. We were going to be married one day. The day that he could land his first West End engagement.

For Peter's benefit I lowered my long lashes, I smiled, I dimpled, I stretched my legs languorously, in more agents' offices than I 'd ever have done for my own. I don't say that I got him his engagement—in the theatre world you can't sell a dud, in the end, the goods must be delivered, or—well, you 're like me, still preening from the chorus after seven years. Yes, Peter could dance all right, and he clinched the offer from the Old Maple with his twinkling feet, but I—I was the one who planted his name, the memory of having heard of him, in the minds of all the theatrical agents between Wardour Street and Charing Cross Road.

Did we get married? We did not. Peter got his job and a foot on the ladder of success, and I . . . The Americans have a phrase that aptly describes what I got. The brush-off.

When you 've wound your life around and up and down and sideways about someone else's life, when they finally chuck you off, thinking you 'll only be a poison ivy and choke their growth—you feel terrible. You feel—you don't feel like death; death would be peace, and you have no peace—you feel like life: like it often is for too many people. Dragged and weary, beaten and bitter.

But you get over it. It 's one of the few things people tell you that really happens. You get over it. Weeks drag into months, months into years, and, slowly and painfully, the agony, the loneliness becomes a numbness. All you have left is a bitter taste in your mouth when people mention the word "love," and a determination that, now you understand that the world runs oiled by £ s. d., you 're going after it.

WHEN I took stock of my assets, they didn't add up to much. No money, no family, no background that would help, no nothing—not even talent. Just a slim body, long legs, small hands and feet, an oversize in grey eyes and hair that curls on its own and is red. It started life brown, but, although I 've never admitted it to a living soul, a visit to the hairdresser's is a necessity every three weeks. Adding five-foot-three in height and eight-stones-and-a-half in weight, that was my sum total to start bargaining with the world. The best show window for assets like mine is the theatre. Much as I longed to leave it and all its memories, I had to stay and preen around in little more than the original Eve wore.

And then, as if the old world really approved of me and my brand-old-new angle, right into my outstretched hands dropped Roger Mason.

"There 's a sailor out front. His name is Roger Mason. Here 's his card. Says he doesn't want to bother you. He 's home on leave, travelling north to-morrow

to his home, and he has a message from your brother."

"Well, of all the——" I plucked the card from the hand of old Jerry, the stage-doorkeeper. "Say, girls," I said, turning round to the two who dressed in the dingy little room with me. "He must date back from Methuselah. That 's one of the oldest lines ever."

"You haven't got a brother ? "

"Neither kith nor kin," I intoned drearily, and I was about to thrust the card back at Jerry and tell him to send Mr. Roger Mason on his way, when, suddenly, I thought, Mason—Roger Mason ? "The name is familiar," I said aloud, rubbing my greasy face-towel feverishly between my brows. "Maybe I do know him . . . Mason ? Roger Mason ? Where have I heard that name before ? "

"You haven't heard it, Miss," said Jerry. "You 've seen it. Roger Mason & Son, Ltd., Builders and Contractors. You can't help but see it. It 's plastered from here to John o' Groat's and back again. Just about the biggest building firm in the country."

"Jerry ! " I swung him round in my arms ; I hugged him and kissed his bald patch while he protested, pretending anger. "Jerry ! Do you think *he* could be Roger Mason ? *The* Roger Mason ? "

"Don't be silly ! " one of the girls said. "If he is, he 's eighty if he 's a day."

"He ain't eighty. Young chap more like thirty or thereabouts. Don't know what Mason he might be. Can't stand here all night. Will you see him or won't you ? He looks a nice enough fellow."

"His money must be crackling in your pocket, Jerry," I mocked, and, as he flushed, "never mind—why shouldn't it ? Yes, I 'll see him. I 'll take a chance on him being the right Mason. You tell him I haven't got a brother, but I 'll see him just to give him a piece of my mind."

"Don't think it 's a piece of your mind he 's interested in," old Jerry leered, getting back at me my crack about the Mason bribe.

"Well, you 've certainly turned over a leaf in your book. Never thought we 'd see Miss Eve Carey having truck with strangers. Thought you had principles, Eve." Maisie Brown's baby-blue eyes sneered up at me. She stroked the fur coat that Sam Ankerman, our fat and suave producer, had given her for not being too much of a baby. "I don't know how I 'm going to stand the competition."

"Competition nothing," I said. "New leaf nothing. I 've got a whole new book that starts off with simple arithmetic and may go on into more complicated problems, but, if you solve them all successfully, by keeping your head, the prize is matrimony and a mounting bank balance."

"Matrimony ! You ! With Roger Mason ? You 're nuts ! "

"Maybe not Mason," I said calmly. "He may not want to play my way. If so, I 'll wash him out—it 's my way or no way. And, thank goodness, I 'm still fairly young and wearing well."

"I 'll grant you the last, anyway." Rosie O'Day laughed at me in the grimy mirror we shared. "You ought to be rationed—you 're too much of a temptation for a glutton—and all the men, who think they know a brother you haven't got, are gluttons ! Watch your step, Eve ! "

I thrust out a foot and looked at it and then shook my head at her. "They 're small—but they 'll hold me up."

ROGER MASON was standing smoking by Jerry's little cubby-hole near the stage-door. His back was turned to me and, although he must have heard my high heels tapping on the bare wooden floor of the passage, he didn't turn round until I was right beside him.

"What do you mean by sending up silly messages to me ? " I asked indignantly. "I have no brother, and your line is as old as the hills."

"It 's not how old it is that matters—it 's whether it works or not. It does."

He was older than Jerry's description, "young fellow," had led me to believe. Older and, somehow, more set-looking. His dark face looked thin—too thin—between the great turned-up collar of his navy-blue uniform coat. His crisp black hair had a suggestion of grey over the ears, but his deep eyes under their heavy brows were young and merry enough and, somehow—somehow—mocking.

"If you 'd wanted a pick-up——" I started aggressively, wanting to be cool and poised, but feeling the hot blood flush maddeningly to my cheeks . . .

"But I didn't." He looked at me closely. "I wanted to take out to supper the loveliest girl I 've seen in over a year—I 've been at sea all that time—two days over, to be exact."

"Oh ! " I said weakly. "Oh ! "

"Well, will you have supper with me ? Make your mind up. I 've only got one evening in town, and I want to get started on it."

"One evening ? One evening after a year at sea ? That 's another line."

"I 'm starting my leave to-night—two months, if I 'm terribly lucky, one if I 'm just ordinarily lucky, but probably a week. I 'm going north to see my family to-morrow."

"You 're married ? "

"Haven't got a wife—at least, not yet. Well, are we going, or must I apologise most beautifully and make my exit alone—unwanted—unfriended—into the dark streets of London ? "

"No," I said seriously. "I 'd—I 'd like to have supper with you, but before we leave my own natural ground, I 'd like you to get it straight that I don't make a habit of going out with strangers—Jerry here can be my witness."

"Aye," said Jerry, looking at us both over his steel-rimmed glasses, "Miss Carey is no flighty one. Takes life seriously, she does—was brought up proper, I reckon."

Poor Jerry! Maybe he didn't remember while he testified to my ladylike behaviour that I had been too tied up with Peter Jay to have had time or thought for anyone else—no matter whom they might be.

"I'll have supper with you as my good deed," I said, and laughed at him under the shadow of my lashes, and dimpled and showed my white teeth. "Because you're a poor sailor home on leave and lonely and I admire the Navy. And to-morrow you can send a nice little note here and thank me, and that, Mr. Mason & Son, will be that—finis."

"Oh!" He stared at me for a whole moment and then he rubbed his face thoughtfully. I could hear the faint rasp of his not-too-recently shaved chin against his fingers. "Do you mean to tell me that you're not interested by my money, family, etc., etc.? Life must have changed since I was last in circulation."

"I don't suppose so." I was caustic, but I let my dimples out again. "Perhaps you've just strayed, no doubt by mistake, into a different class of society."

"I'm beginning to think I have." Suddenly he grinned at me, no longer mocking. "As a matter of fact, although new to me, I'm going to like it. Let's go."

WE had supper at the Dorchester, and we danced. He danced beautifully—even I, who am one of the world's worst, knew that.

"If you'd just relax," he grinned down at me, "and stop trying to prance round the floor on your own. We're partners, and I'm supposed to do the leading."

"Well, I'll try," I sighed, "but nobody has ever been able to make me follow them."

"I'm beginning to believe that." His eyes weren't concerned with my stumbling feet. "You know, Miss Carey, you're not being a bit like I thought you'd be. That's intriguing."

"Perhaps being at sea so long with fishes and water has warped your judgment."

"Perhaps that's it. Tell me—I know I'm being impertinent, so don't interrupt." His arm tightened round me. "How does a girl like you——"

"I am going to interrupt," I said wearily, and I looked at him with some boredom and impatience. "How does a girl like me with my verve, my brains, my beauty, wind up in the chorus of a second-rate musical comedy? That also is a very old line, Mr. Mason. Couldn't we, please, as it's the only time we'll ever meet—couldn't we pretend that we were properly introduced somewhere, and that you like me, respect me, and that it wouldn't enter your head to try a line? In other words, just let's have some nice clean fun for a change."

"I don't know about your brains—but your beauty and verve are obvious—too obvious to make the mention of them line-shooting. You seem to have lines on the mind a bit, and you're certainly a very suspicious character."

"Am I?" I looked him directly in the eye. "I'd have no reason to be, of course. You come home to England from a year at sea and you pick up the nicest-looking girl you can find—a girl you've never seen before and intend never to see again—and offer to take her out to dinner. You think she'll be impressed by your name, the money you'll spend on her, the places you'll take her to. You do all this just to be nice to her—just to give her a good time. You're not thinking of anything else at all, of course. Just a nice quiet way of spending your——"

Under his tan he flushed hotly; his eyes were angry.

"I certainly didn't count on spending my evening being nagged by a candidate for a purity league."

I gave him the full benefit of wide eyes and the gleam of my heavy "phoney" red hair as I tossed it back with a stiff, indignant jerk of my head. "Maybe I'd better go home. The evening is not too far advanced for you to look elsewhere."

That was the last, the strongest, card I held, and as his still-angry eyes met mine I knew I'd overplayed the hand.

"I think you're right," he said stiffly. "I'll see you into a taxi."

And he did, at that.

Twenty minutes later, in my poky little bedroom-cum-sitting-room I stared at myself in the mirror.

"Eve Carey," I said aloud, "for an authority on 'line,' you certainly gave a good performance of how not to shoot one."

And that, I thought, was that, and I decided there and then that maybe Maisie Brown's way was the only way for a girl like me to get a fur coat and a

"Hullo!" Her voice was sweet, low, musical, and she smiled, showing two rows of little white teeth and dimples quite as good as mine. "I'm Ursula Dean, Roger's fiancée. I don't wish to sound impertinent, but I must say he shows perfect taste"

bank balance. And I sighed, because I knew I wasn't that tough—not yet, anyway—not by another seven years.

I CRAWLED through the matinée the next day and again through the evening show. I had a beastly head, the dressing-room felt dirtier and stuffier than ever. Maisie Brown was having more than her fair share of cracks about my failure to hook Mason, and Rosie was being too, too silently sympathetic.

After the show I flung my clothes on any old how, wiped my face free of make-up—until it was as naked as the day I was born—and gratefully shut the door of the dressing-room behind me.

I fell bang into the arms—or rather, upon the chest—of Roger Mason.

" Oh ! " I stared at him, my mouth open.

" Oh ! " he mimicked.

" You look much nicer in your uniform," I said foolishly, thinking wildly I 've got my oldest, shabbiest coat on, my hair looks like a haystack, my face must be shining like a peeled onion.

" Would you have supper with me ? " And, as I continued to stare stupidly, " I 'll even go back to my club and change into my uniform—if it will help."

" Help ? "

" Help to persuade you to forgive me. You were right. I mean about last night. I—I was on the make. I . . . felt like the proverbial cad after you left me. Within a few minutes I was wishing like the devil I 'd had the grace to —— Will you please have supper with me, Eve ? Just because you 're a dear, sweet, lovely friend of mine—who 's made me miss my train north, where an irritable fiancée and Mama and Papa are probably thirsting for my blood."

" Fiancée ? " My heart, which had kicked the ceiling of heaven, did a cartwheel down into my oldest and cheapest shoes.

" You shouldn't have done that," I said weakly.

" It seems I often do things I shouldn't." He slipped his arm through mine, took my grubby make-up case in his other hand, and pulled me along.

" I 've got the most awful headache," I said drearily. I felt dreary. He would have a fiancée, of course—I couldn't think why that had never crossed my scheming mind before.

" You don't look too good. But I know a nice little spot in Soho where we can still get a good meal, and peace and quiet."

" No dancing ? "

" No, Eve." He shook his head. " Before we go dancing again you 'll have to learn a few things about——"

Suddenly I was feeling heaven-ward. So he *was* planning on seeing me, not just that night—but other times . . . ?

I smiled at him. " I 'm sorry I 'm such a mess," I said. " Wouldn't you like me to tidy up a bit first ? I have got a newer suit than this—in fact, I have an almost new one that just does wonderful things for me."

" If you 'll take me in mufti, which I grant you is not romantic or pleasing against my weather-beaten visage, I 'll put up with you looking like a tired-out, washed-out, but perfectly enchanting cherub."

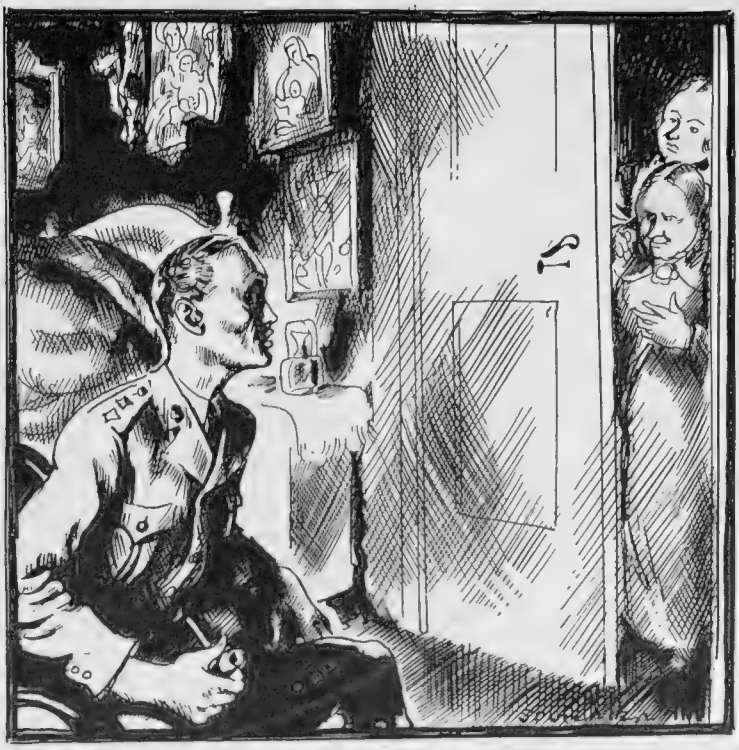
Quite honestly and truly, Papas, Mamas, fiancée and all glowering in the background, I had a wonderful evening. How and why it was wonderful I don't know. We didn't do anything. Just ate and talked and laughed and talked some more.

I found myself telling him about Peter and my misery over his leaving me.

" But you couldn't have been in love " he said. " People don't get over love, no matter what one hears to the contrary. Love is a thing that leaves a scar."

(*Continued on page* 67)

I dropped my head back again on the litter of powder and rouge



Five minutes after my late afternoon arrival my hostess and her elder daughter knocked on the door. They seemed anxious about something

Watch On The Rhine

This Is How It Was Last Time— Will It Be The Same This Time?

By C. Patrick Thompson

EVERY one had gone. The camp, where through the winter we had been reconditioning our war-worn tanks, was empty. In charge of the rearguard, I climbed up on the lorry, took a last look around, and there, planted on stumpy low legs by the roadside, was Dum-dum, looking. He had attached himself to us some time earlier. Nobody wanted him much—a porpoise-shaped dog, big-headed, powerful, wild, not ingratiating : but he stayed.

His tail drooped, his forlorn brown eyes gazed fixedly at me. "Wait," I said to the driver. I climbed down. Dum-dum dodged. I called the sergeant down. But the dog eluded our pincer movement. We got back on the lorry and started rolling. I looked back. Dum-dum was pelting in our dust. "Hold her." I got down. This time the shy dog came slowly up. He half snarled as I hoisted him aboard, but on the seat between us he was happy.

At the station, the tanks had been loaded, the locomotive was blowing steam. "There you are!" yelled the Major, sticking his head out of a carriage window. "Get that lorry aboard. You're holding up the train."

We were on our way to the Rhine.

A load of forty-five-ton Mark-V tanks, sponsons shoved in, stubby six-pounders secured, can't move fast. We were two days on that train, which sometimes roosted up in a siding. The sun came out, and we left our carriages and lolled in steamer chairs on one of the flat tank trucks, lazily watching the country go by. We left the flatlands and the train panted into wooded hills. Round a bend on a down gradient we saw a great ravine traversed by a very long spidery girder bridge.

I looked back and saw a man's head and shoulders rising above the roof of a big closed truck. As the train curved round the bend, I saw another man perched up ahead. Both began turning wheels and putting their weight into it. I grasped that they were brakemen, checking the heavy train. But they were civilians.

A question to the Major beside me confirmed my suspicions. Our train was in charge of a German crew. I suggested we'd make a nice mess if the driver went haywire or the brakemen let go the brakes. The Major laughed. "The Hun's a servile beast. He always obeys and respects his boss—and we've been the boss since November."

It was March, 1919.

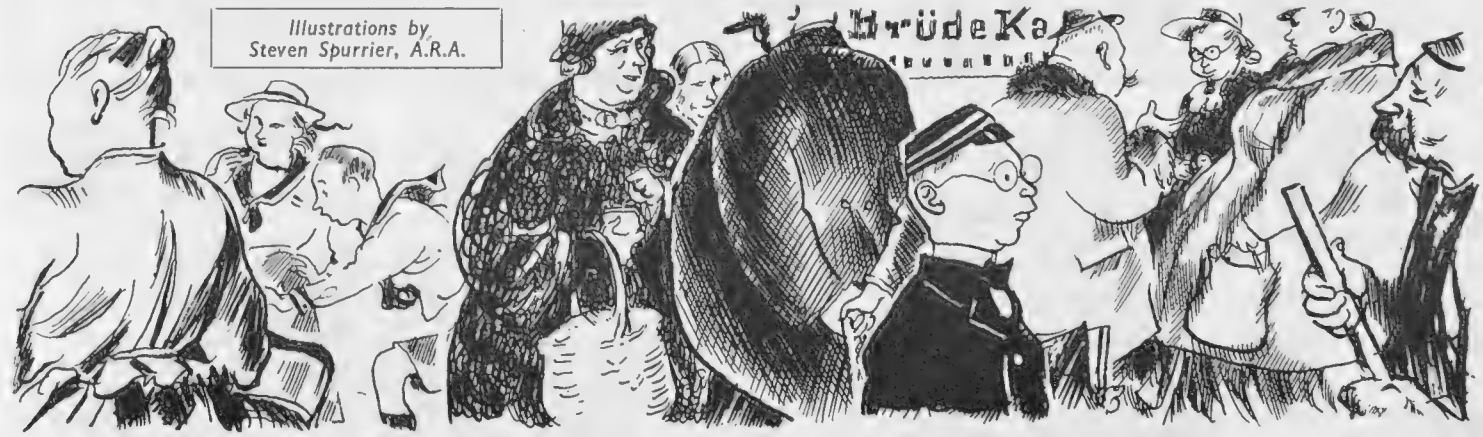
In Hilden, I was lodged in a large house occupied by a pale, professorial Hun with a Nietszche moustache, his comfortable plump wife, and two daughters, one young and pretty. Their house, standing in a big garden with an orchard, was heavily furnished, and my large bedroom was hung with religious pictures, mostly of expiring saints and martyrs.

Every time the Gauls change sentries they bring out the regimental band

Five minutes after my late-afternoon arrival my hostess and her elder daughter knocked on the door. They seemed anxious about something. As they had no English, and I no German, they gestured me across the corridor to a bathroom, and pointed to a wooden thermometer floating in a bath they had drawn. I understood that they attached importance to my views on my bath temperature. I put my finger in. "It's all right."

Indicating seven o'clock on my watch, I made it clear that I wanted my bath at that hour in the morning. Next morning, promptly at seven, someone knocked. I got out in my pyjamas and opened. Nobody there. I looked in the bathroom. My bath was drawn. Two thermometers floated in it. One was a Fahrenheit, showing boiling point at (*Continued on page* 52)

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.



The prosperous air of Cologne and the jutting stomachs of over-forty citizens among the Sunday strolling crowd . . .

The Monastery of Mar Saba built on the precipitous cliffs of the Wadi en-Nar (Ravine of Fire) in the Wilderness of Judea, as seen from the air. It is the home of some fifty monks of the Greek Orthodox Church. For the greater part of the year the bed of the gorge is dry and is crowded with large boulders. In the rainy season the waters roar and swirl through the ravine in a mad rush for the Dead Sea. This is the channel of the brook Kidron which, in its season, used to flow by the walls of Jerusalem which lie some eight miles from the monastery

A general view of the Mar Saba collection of buildings clinging to Monastery is gained from above and

How the buildings of the monastery are built close up against the face of the cliff, access being gained to them by staircases, corridors and terraces. Many of the buildings and stairways have been excavated out of the solid rock

The historical natural fortress of Masada as it appears from the plain of the Dead Sea. It towers 1,700 feet above the plain. Its sides are too steep to be climbed. Here a fanatical band of Jews sooner than surrender to the Romans, first slew their wives and children and then themselves, one of the most tragic events in Jewish history

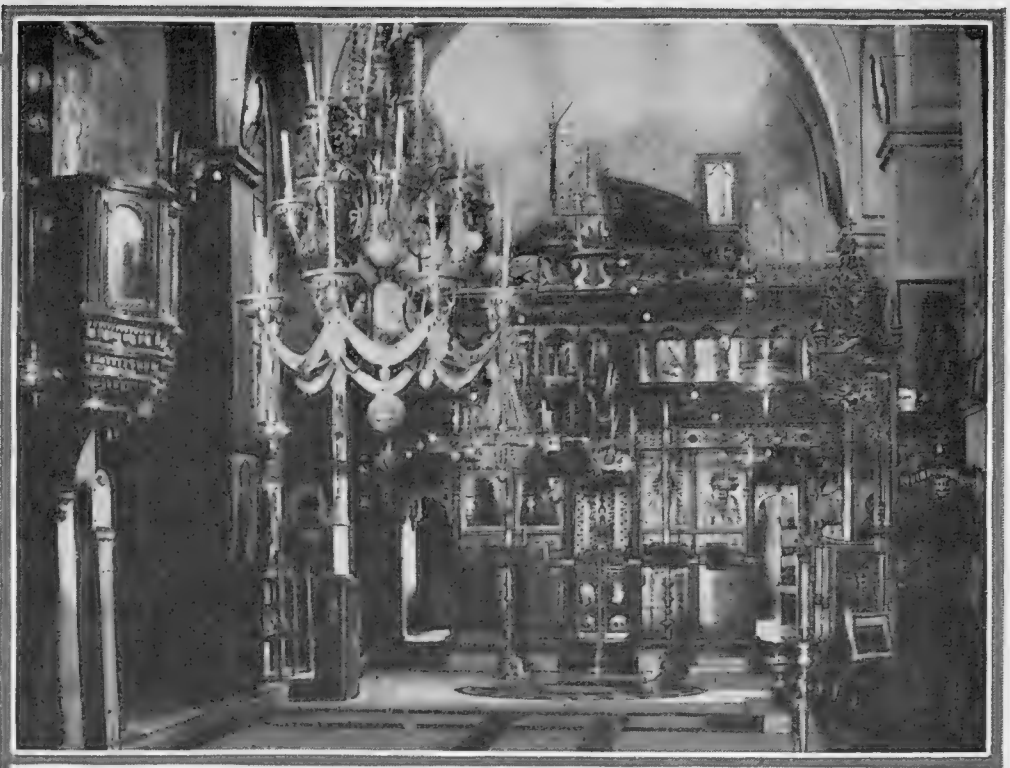
Across The Wilderness Of Judea

LYING between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea is a particularly wild and rugged region, known as the Wilderness of Judea. It is some twenty miles in width and seventy miles in length, a virtually arid plateau, dotted with small conical-shaped hills intersected by deep ravines.

Recently I made a trip into the heart of this strange region, accompanied by my friend, Mr. G. E. Matson of Jerusalem. Our plan was to visit the Monastery of Mar Saba and then strike along the western side of the Dead Sea to the natural mountain fortress of Masada, the scene of one of the most tragic events in Jewish history. Mr. Matson favoured donkey-back, so we engaged the services of a donkey-boy who rejoiced in the name of Solomon, and three of his animals.

All being ready we started off and soon left the environs of Jerusalem behind. From now on there were no roads, only rough bridle tracks. After about four hours of travelling, we entered a grim gorge by a bridle-path. The sure-footed beasts wearily trudged along this precipitous track. A false step would have meant a violent death on the bleached stones of the dried-up watercourse below.

Monastery, showing the amazing the side of the gorge. Entrance to the not, as one would expect, from below



Interior of the Church at Mar Saba. It is basilica in form and like most of the older Greek churches in the Middle East it is inclined to be very ornate. It contains the tomb of Johannes Damascenus, one of the last distinguished theologians of the early Greek Church. There are two large, richly-chased golden chandeliers and many ostrich eggs suspended from the ceiling. The panel carving is most elaborate and some of the fresco paintings and ikons are quite good. Many of the latter are enshrined in silver. The floor is of variegated marble

Another view of the fortress of Masada showing the Dead Sea in the distance. This natural mountain stronghold was first fortified by the Maccabees and re-fortified by Herod the Great. He enclosed the plateau which is some 600 yards by 250 yards in area by a high wall furnished with some thirty-seven towers

Remains of one of the seven Roman military camps at Masada. After the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 the Romans went on to capture this great natural fortress which they did after a bitter siege lasting many months

A Visit to the Ancient Monastery of Mar Saba and the Historic Fortress of Masada

By **Harold J. Shepstone**

On turning a corner the famous monastery suddenly appeared, an amazing spectacle—massive walls, churches and buildings of varied design and size literally clinging to the face of the steep cliff. The monastery is nearly fifteen hundred years old. It was founded by a zealous monk, named Saba. He became a hermit when but a lad of eighteen, and gathering together others of a like mind, laid the foundations of this monastic establishment in the wilderness.

The monastery belongs to the Greek Church and to visit it one has to obtain written permission from the Greek Patriarch in Jerusalem. One reaches the entrance by descending to it from above. Here we found further progress barred by a heavy oak door. Not a soul responded to our knocking, and I began to think the monks did not intend to answer.

After repeated blows, however, loud enough to awaken St. Saba in his tomb, a window, very high up in the monastery wall, was opened, and an aged monk scrutinized us from behind its bars. My friend spoke to him in Arabic and waved the official letter of introduction. As soon as he saw the ecclesiastical seal he withdrew his head, and, after a long (*Continued on page* 54)

Keeping The Big "EYE" On Germany

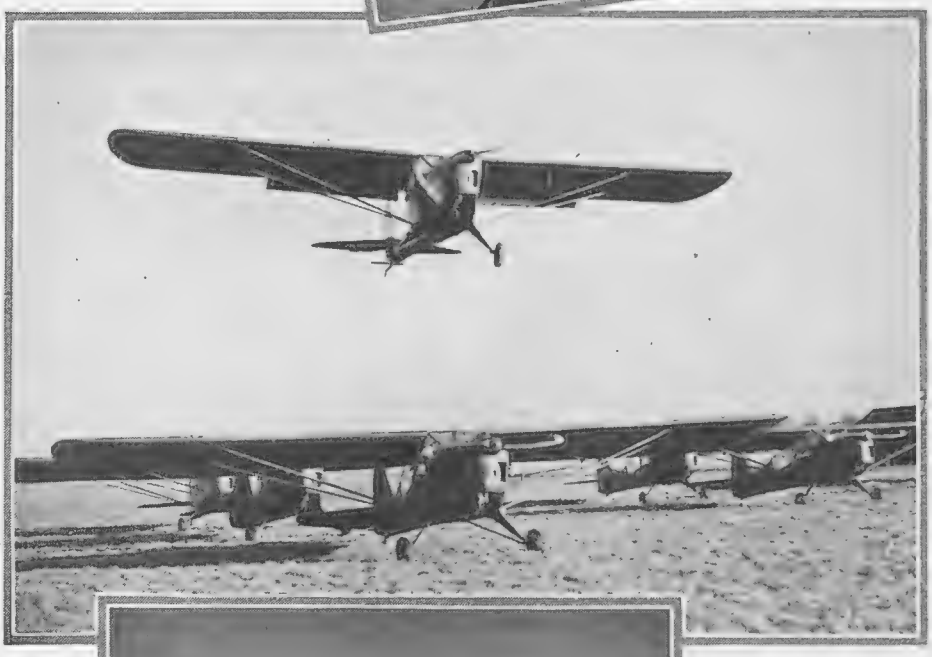
By Ferdinand Tuohy

WATCH over the occupied portions of Germany is, at this writing, the affair of Shaef. It will so continue only as long as military operations do. Then long-term controls dealing with the social, economic and political problems of Germany, and with the underground resistance in its most tucked-away and scientific manifestations, become the task of the Allied Governments—in actual fact, of the American, French, British, and Russian intelligence branches.

No secret is here divulged, least of all to the Germans, and one does not see why Washington got excited over a "leakage" from Brigadier Donovan's Department, affirming the fact. It was probably the most harmless "leakage" Washington has yet given us. Such a close, technically perfected and indefinite watch lies at the very basis of that "preventing the need for a preventive war" which is the key clause of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and if Britain and the United States are not yet a party to this clause, each will none-the-less join in keeping the "big eye" open on Germany (and Japan).

How far we shall have travelled since early 1919, when three British officers visited the vaster, unoccupied Germany to report on the military, political and economic situation! They met the small Allied Disarmament Commission in Berlin and thereafter the watch was maintained by a sprinkling of officers of the latter body, proceeding hither and thither in Germany on information received. The armies of occupation on the Rhine also occasionally dispatched lone hands, such as German informers, to report what the 60 million other Germans were up to. The whole tenor was mild and lackadaisical and it wasn't so much the watchers' fault as due to the pronounced lack of interest betrayed by the British and American Governments. When the French got hot about what the Germans were patently doing, they were more or less told to go and boil themselves.

One of the huge cameras used by the R.A.F. for photographic reconnaissance. The air camera must play a big part in the watching of Germany, and there must be a permanent photographic patrol over fixed beats in Germany for several years ahead



IN the mid-twenties, I found an old friend as Commercial Attaché at our Berlin Embassy. "Uncle" had been, perhaps, our most brilliant intelligence officer, and, smelling a camouflaged rat with regard to his current job, I asked him how General Von Seeckt was going with his hush-hush military build-up. "Uncle" denied that he was watching. "But," added he, "if I'm not, precious few others are!"

Long before then, barely a year after the Armistice, the Americans had dropped out coincidentally with their separate peace-making.

Such was the watch last time. Whatever the purport of the information sent back to London, Paris and Washington, the Germans were barely interfered with, as they patiently laid the interwoven foundations which were to lead to Hitler's War.

Thank goodness, if something has been learnt by 1945, it is that the successful issue of the Occupation will depend on accurately watching the Germans, more than upon any other factor. For the challenge is clear. Young Germany has sworn to recreate a new Hitlerian state at the earliest opportunity. And the Allies have engaged to stamp out the Nazi Party and German militarism along with it. This portends detection on an unheard-of scale; not since Fouché's day will anything approaching it have been seen. Not a few score intelligence officers, secret agents, technicians and informers will be detecting, but thousand upon thousand specially trained for security work in a (*Continued on page* 54)

(Above) Auster, a single-seater plane used for artillery co-operation. (On left) Sikorsky's amphibian helicopter takes off from a car park. If an aerial camera can be fitted into them, these are the very machines required to maintain the upper watch on Germany

The Tenants of the White Cottage

The Story of a Cunningly Planned and Perfectly Executed Crime

By Neil Bell

BRAMPTON was one of those small country places which, while not quite aspiring to the dignity of township, would have felt itself slighted at the designation village. Decidedly it was not a village. It had no mayor; but it had a Town Hall and a Market Place, to say nothing of half a dozen streets and roads and as many lanes. There were also St. John's Church; a Congregational Chapel; a Baptist Tabernacle; and a Roman Catholic Oratory. It had no Woolworth's but there were a Co-operative Stores; a Sixpenny Bazaar; a Maypole Dairy; and a Lipton's. Finally there were a cinema, The Rialto; and a branch of Parley's Bank.

At the last census the population of Brampton was slightly under 2,000. Nothing happens in a village which is not common property before the day is out, but while so sweeping a statement could not be made justly of Brampton, there was in fact, little that went on which was not sooner or later pretty generally known. Brampton had its social strata (else it would not have been English), but the strata were porous rather than impervious, absorbing (surely if slowly), tales and rumours and scandals and passing them on to the stratum above or below.

ONE could be pretty certain of finding him in the saloon bar of "The George and Dragon"

It is true that there were a few social watertight compartments. There was "The George and Dragon" which was the preserve of the top drawer; the other drawers sharing "The Black Bull" and "The Lord Nelson." There were The Constitutional Club and The Golf Club whose members were the Somebodies; while The Labour Club, catered for the Nobodies. There was a similar cleavage between The Freemasons' Lodge and The Oddfellows' Club. And it would be unreasonable to expect the Rev. Charles Spencer-Haye, vicar of St. John's, to be on anything more than patronizing terms with the Rev. George Smith of the Congregational Chapel or the Rev. Herbert Heath of the Baptist Tabernacle.

STILL, allowing for these slight variations, the people of Brampton might not unfairly be considered socially homogeneous. Any differences would certainly not have been noticed viewed from the surface of the moon; nor indeed from the tower of St. John's.

And so, when young Mr. and Mrs. Beverley came to Brampton and rented, furnished, the White Cottage at the bottom of Ivy Lane down by the brook, they were freely discussed by every one; for there was no one of a social grade far enough above them or below them not to find them and their affairs interesting in the way that only those people and things are interesting which come intimately and closely into like hearts and homes.

Obviously, young Mr. and Mrs. Beverley had been but recently married, and, just as obviously, they were very much in love. She was small and slender and fair, and those apostles of the generalization who roundly declare that little, fair women always love big, dark men, would have had to admit an exception, for Mr. Richard Beverley was also small and slender and fair; there was, in fact, little to choose between them in the way of height and weight.

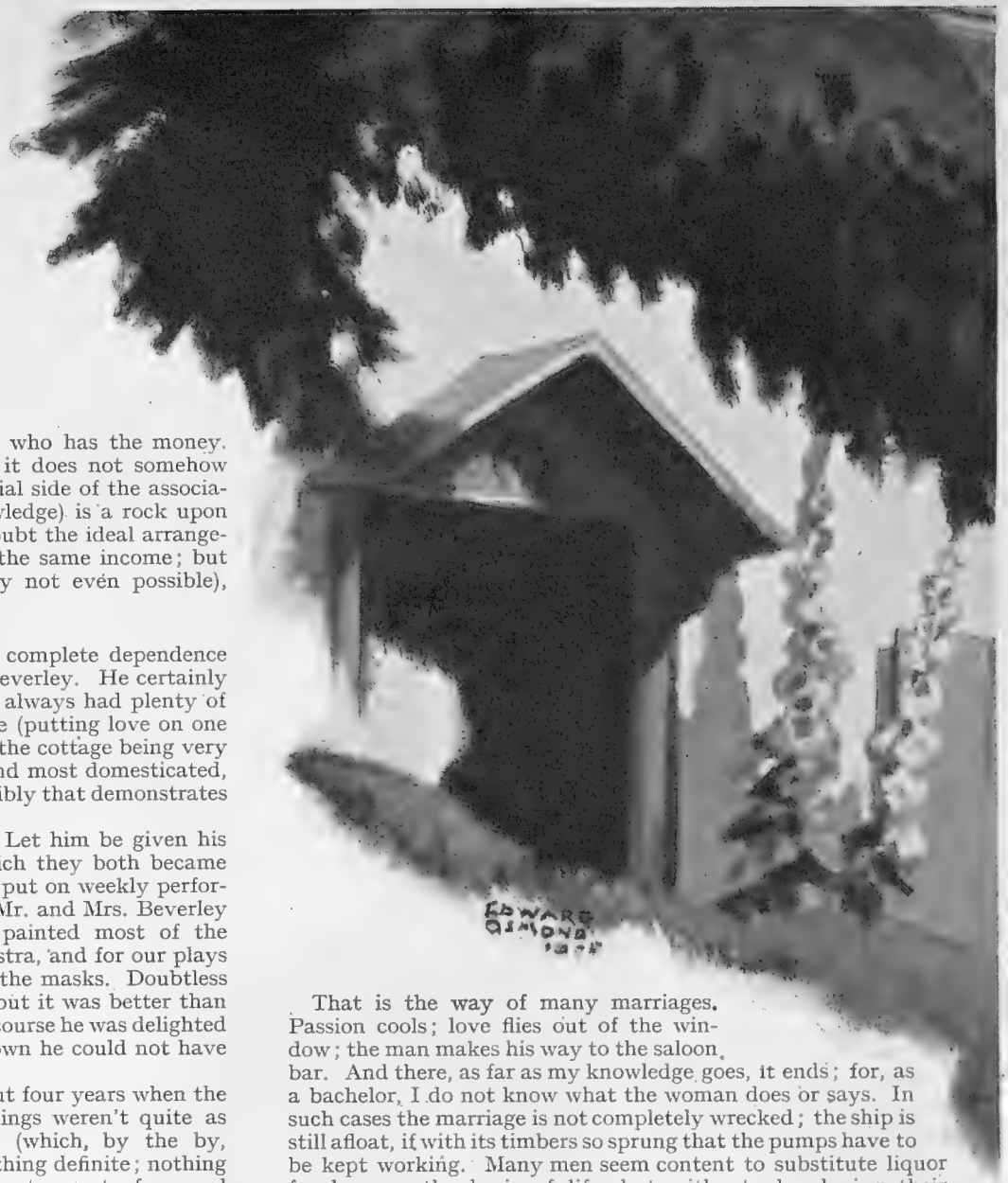
The generalizers may retort that this similarity of type, in place of their pet contrast, was the reason why the affair went awry. For, of course, it went awry or there would be no story. No one wants to hear a story about a happy marriage. Unhappiness is so much more intriguing than contentment. But in this matter of similarity of type, the probabilities are that this had nothing whatever to do with the shipwreck of their marriage. Other reasons must be sought. Brampton sought and found them in plenty.

There was Dick Beverley himself. He was the artistic sort; no profession, but very gifted; a gifted painter; a gifted sculptor and modeller; a gifted musician; a gifted versifier; but not quite gifted enough to make any money out of these arts. Or perhaps too gifted (as his whole attitude to life implied), for it may be admitted that geniuses occasionally starve. But not often.

OBVIOUSLY, young Mr. and Mrs. Beverley had been but recently married and, just as obviously, they were very much in love

Not that there was any likelihood of Dick Beverley starving, Mrs. Beverley having a very comfortable banking account, as no one could know better than I who have been manager of Parley's Bank at Brampton for the last twenty years. And it was all in a current account on which she drew monthly "Pay Cash" cheques almost invariably presented by her husband who had no account with us, nor, I imagine, with any one else.

And that state of affairs was doubtless a probable cause of the rift; for it was one no self-respecting man could endure for long without a feeling of humiliation, and I blame Mrs. Beverley for not realizing this. People, especially young people, frequently declare that if a man and a girl love one another it does not matter who has the money. An admirable sentiment in theory, but it does not somehow seem to work out in practice. The financial side of the association (and I speak from professional knowledge) is a rock upon which so many marriages founder. No doubt the ideal arrangement would be for both parties to have the same income; but since this is impracticable (and probably not even possible), people have to rub along with makeshifts.



I MUST admit that I do not think his complete dependence upon his wife's purse humiliated Dick Beverley. He certainly showed no signs of such a feeling and he always had plenty of money in his pocket. In a way, I suppose (putting love on one side) he earned it, for they kept no maid (the cottage being very small) and he was quite the handyman and most domesticated, which was perhaps odd for an artist. Possibly that demonstrates how bogus his gifts really were.

But his gifts were not entirely bogus. Let him be given his due. We had a Dramatic Society of which they both became members, and from October to March we put on weekly performances at the Town Hall. Not only did Mr. and Mrs. Beverley quite frequently play parts, but Dick painted most of the scenery, arranged the scores for the orchestra, and for our plays from the Greek he designed and painted the masks. Doubtless his work had no great merit artistically, but it was better than any one else could do in Brampton, and of course he was delighted to do it: it gave him a standing in the town he could not have obtained in any other way.

They had been living at Brampton about four years when the first whispers began to go about that things weren't quite as they used to be at the White Cottage (which, by the by, belonged to me). You know how it is; nothing definite; nothing that's actually been seen or heard, and yet a sort of general intuition that things have gone wrong or are beginning to go wrong.

NATURALLY enough it was said at the time, and has been said many times since, that if they'd had children things wouldn't have come to the pass they did. People always say that. It is the human thing to say. And it happens also to be the right thing and the popular thing to say. The right thing, because procreation should be encouraged. And the popular thing, because no sentiment is more dear to the hearts of people than the one concerning baby hands serving as links. Perhaps, as a bachelor, I ought not to express an opinion, but it has always seemed to me that the power of baby hands in this respect is overrated. I admit that I speak as one not particularly fond of children.

However, baby hands or not, it soon became plain enough that Mr. and Mrs. Beverley were no longer the loving couple they had been. And it was Dick Beverley who made it plain; so plain that you could not miss seeing it if you wanted to. Not that any one did want to. He had, from the beginning, been a member of The Constitutional Club, and both of them were members of The Golf Club. He also frequented the exclusive "George and Dragon." But he had always been very abstemious. He always said all true artists were; they had to be if they wanted to create, as nothing so destroyed the creative powers as drink. That was his Gospel. I had always heard differently; that great artists, in fact, were often great boozers. But no matter. Dick Beverley's opinion was as I have said. And certainly he practised what he preached. For a time. For those first four years.

But now he began to drink; if not heavily, steadily; and in any case far more than was good for him. And being a gregarious soul, this soon meant that on any evening in the week (not excluding Sunday), you could be pretty certain of finding him between eight o'clock and midnight in the saloon bar of The Constitutional Club, or that of "The George and Dragon."

That is the way of many marriages. Passion cools; love flies out of the window; the man makes his way to the saloon bar. And there, as far as my knowledge goes, it ends; for, as a bachelor, I do not know what the woman does or says. In such cases the marriage is not completely wrecked; the ship is still afloat, if with its timbers so sprung that the pumps have to be kept working. Many men seem content to substitute liquor for love as the basis of life, but without abandoning their marriage as a going concern; a business concern. Perhaps their wives are equally content with the arrangement and find a hobby as engrossing as their husbands'.

BUT Dick Beverley was not that sort of man. He had proclaimed not infrequently, both on and off the stage, in the days of his married happiness, that love was the supreme experience; something to live for; and, if need be, to die for: woman was, in fact, life's greatest prize. And there doubtless spoke whatever there was of the artist in him; for while it may be a moot point whether or not artists are crapulous fellows, there is no denying their fondness for women; and the greater the artist the more fond; or, as one of them has himself put it: the greater the artist the greater the lover. And so, there apparently being no love for him in the White Cottage, Dick Beverley sought it elsewhere. And found it.

Brampton, of course, soon knew all about it; knew that the new love was a young widow living at Hailsbury, some twenty miles to the north; knew that she was a fast creature; knew that she and Dick Beverley were always about together in and around Hailsbury, and that he was spending money on her "like water." And knew a dozen other things besides. And wondered how long it would be before Mrs. Beverley ("the poor young thing") found out and what she would do about it.

MRS. BEVERLEY seemed a long while before she did find out; nearly a year; or so Brampton guessed. And the town founded its guess upon the fact that for nearly a year after every one in Brampton knew all about it, things went on as usual at the White Cottage; and outside it as far as the social round of its inmates was concerned; and that then, quite suddenly, there was a change. It was a change so drastic that it could not pass unnoticed and it seemed obviously ascribable to Mrs. Beverley's having learned what was happening. She ceased to go out with her husband; she rarely indeed went out at all, refusing

THE new love was a young widow living at Hailsbury, some twenty miles to the north

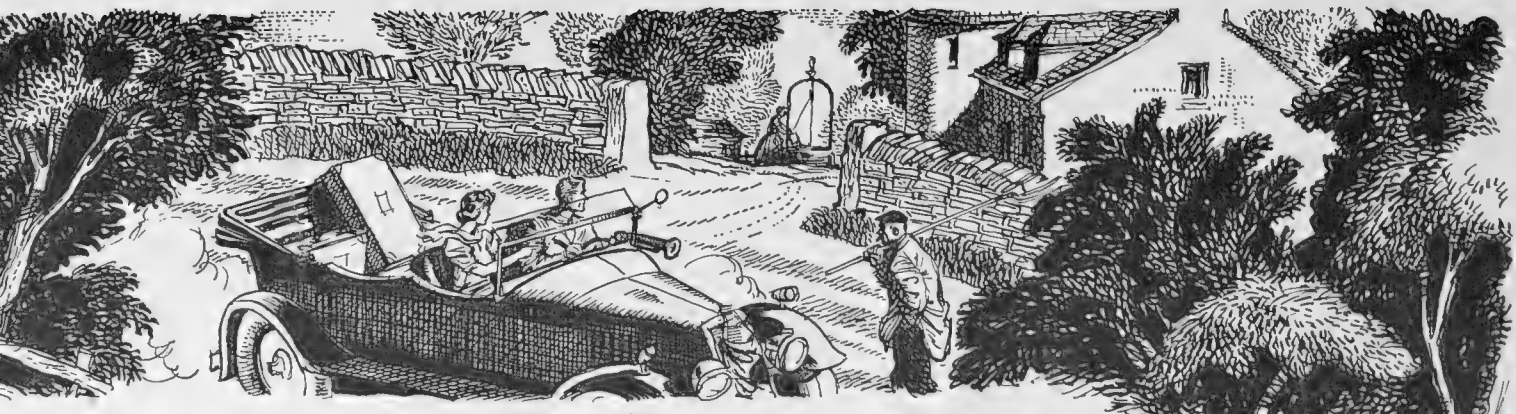
invitations and cutting out all her own little hospitalities. Her very character seemed to change. She had been gay, smiling, talkative, ever ready for a chat with calling tradesmen or the postman. But now she barely exchanged a word with them, and never a smile; nor was she heard singing about the place as in the past, when, indeed, passers by would often stop to listen, for she possessed a soprano voice considered very good by people who should know, although not to everybody's taste; my own for example.

Brampton, in an access of sentimentality, ascribed this abrupt change (almost indeed a metamorphosis) in Mrs. Beverley to a broken heart; wondered why she didn't "leave the wretch," especially as she held the purse; and then, with a further and more honeyed access of sentimentality, explained her apparent refusal to do so by her still being in love with him. And how often you see that sort of thing, said Brampton: as nice and pretty a little woman as you'd want to meet, in love with a drunken scamp with an eye for every woman but herself. But, Brampton also said (and said it hopefully), it can't go on like this; something's bound to happen; stands to reason. Whether or not it stood to reason, something certainly happened. Nor was it very long after the change had been noted in Mrs. Beverley: three weeks at the outside.

QUITE a number of things happened during those weeks. There was the registered parcel which the postman brought with the afternoon post. The parcel was addressed to Mr. Beverley and the postman knocked and waited. He kept on knocking and waiting for over ten minutes, he said, and then gave it up and left the cottage and was back on the road when he saw Dick Beverley coming along from the other direction, and waited for him. When he gave him the parcel he explained that he couldn't make any one hear at the cottage, and Beverley said that probably his wife was lying down and that she might have been in bed as she'd not been very well lately. Whether or not that was true, Mrs. Beverley was all right and about the house the next morning, for she took in the milk and the letters; and with a smile, too.

There was the "Pay Cash" cheque which Dick Beverley brought to the bank towards the end of that time. There was nothing unusual in that, but the amount was a little startling. What that amount was I cannot, obviously, divulge, but I may say that it was for nearly the whole of Mrs. Beverley's credit. That was not the bank's business; the cheque was in order and what a customer did with her money was not our concern.

Nothing of this was, of course, known outside the bank, but there was quite enough happening to keep Brampton talking. On the Thursday morning, Dick Beverley went off carrying a suitcase and caught the 8.25 to London, which stopped at Hailsbury. Later in the morning he was seen in Hailsbury at "The Ship" with his woman (as Brampton referred to her, and in a tone impossible to reproduce); and late that (*Continued on page* 56)



Thanks—for the Memories!

Some Pre-War Reflections

By Negley Farson

BUT do we want all of them back? Do you remember those days, when you shipped your car joyfully across to Calais, and—*Bang!*

"What was that!" exclaimed my wife.

"I think it's a motor-cycle, with its exhaust off, overtaking us. If this were Chicago, I'd say it was a speed cop. Hell—it isn't!"

"What is it?"

"It's a big-end bearing," I said, mournfully.

Followed two days in the *Palais de l'Automobile* in Peronne. It was a nice garage. I learned quite a lot of French there. I had practically nothing else to do.

A little bit more of lovely countryside. And then we limped into Soissons.

"What is that noise?" asked my wife. It sounded like a tin-pan, being trailed along under us. But there was no tin-pan when I got out to look. The muffler was down on the road. A bit of string, tied around the car like a cummerbund, kept that in place until we limped into another town.

Then we cut across country. To make a quick call on a friend I had worked with in Paris. I like country roads. But once you're on one—in France—it is better not to take your eyes off it.

"Oh, *look* at that white farm!" said my wife.

I looked. *Bang-Crash!* A spurt of powdered glass shot into my face.

"Did it get into your eyes?" anxiously asked my better half.

"No—but I think I've swallowed a small chunk. Damn all small white farms! Don't call my attention to them."

Shaking and wiggling ourselves about, and losing things—like a strip-tease dance—we made Troyes. I'd always heard it was an interesting old town. The garage, anyway, was an antique.

We put tar-tape across the forked-lightning fracture of our windscreen. Bits of wood, driven under the lamp brackets, held them somewhat in place—although that made the car's face look as if it were sucking a toothpick.

"And we are suckers!" I said to my wife. "This is the very last time in my life I'm going to buy a second-hand car. We can't afford it—to keep on buying somebody else's troubles."

"But that salesman was such a *nice* man," she said. "He had such nice eyes."

"And a damned good line of patter!" I said, ruefully. "I wish I could talk like that. We'd be rich."

She had taken an address book out of her pad, and was figuring. She licked the pencil and screwed up her eyebrows.

"What are you adding up?" I said. "Forget it—we have a month in France. The devil with worry about minor expenses. Let's——"

"But we haven't *got* a month," she said, woefully. "Those two days at Soissons, and——"

I TOOK a last-minute stroll every evening, and stared up at the sky—to see if our Lucky Star was still shining. On the Corniche road my wife got out to pick a wild freesia. When she got out the engine was running splendidly. When she got in it was still running splendidly. But the car wouldn't move. There had been a quick divorce, somewhere, between the engine and the rear-end.

"But I didn't hear any noise this time!" protested my wife. "We always hear *noises*—when anything goes wrong."

"Not always," I said. It was a driving shaft. Two horses towed us into a barn at La Croix. Two French farmers seized two sledges—and began to hit the car. *Bing-bong! Bing-bong!*

"For God's sake," I said to my wife. "I can't stand it. It sounds like the Anvil Chorus. *What*—are those two Frenchmen doing to that car?"

But those two Frenchmen knew their stuff. "*Oui*—I've fixed twenty broken axles here, in my time," said the fat father. "If the lady and gentleman will take a little trip into Toulon. . . . Only three hours, *M'sieu* by the train, alas! But we will have this ready for you in two days."

Well, we hadn't intended to see Toulon—but I recall those two days when the gallant French scuttled their fleet there in this war! I, too, had been scuttled at Toulon.

As you so often do find it in France, those two farmer-mechanic Frenchmen were so skilful that I believe they could have made a new engine for me, if I could have waited a week longer. They had "demounted" the car, as they called it. Vile little beast, I won't tell you its make. They put it together like magic. And so, full of love for the two Frenchmen at La Croix, we made a non-stop dash for Monte Carlo. Something like the staggering finish of the Marathon Race. We made it!

All of Who's Who (*Continued on page* 58)

Decoration by Jack Matthew

Old Tales Re-told

Aphra Behn

The First Englishwoman to Earn Her Living as a Dramatist, Poet, and Novelist

Written and Illustrated By
F. Matania, R.I.

The Lieut.-General of Surinam and the entire family set out from the sheltered little house near Canterbury Cathedral on the first part of their journey to the New World

MANY are the great names in English literature. But amongst them is one—the subject of our article—who, relegated to a lesser place, deserves more prominence than she has won. Mrs. Aphra Behn was the first of her sex to earn a living professionally in the field of English literature. It is a pity that the times in which she lived set a seal on her work as being coarse and rather repugnant to a modern public. Largely owing to this, she has remained comparatively obscure to this day. Much unjust criticism was levelled at her throughout her career on account of her sex. She was a woman, a trespasser on private ground, an upstart and interloper who, instead of remaining content in a humble domestic sphere, reached out to grasp the fruits of industry and her brain.

In her youth Aphra had had an adventurous life that provided her with plenty of inspiration and material, and she had thus an advantage over many mature writers and dramatists who had never ventured farther than the city gates of London.

The daughter of John Johnson, a barber, and Amy, his wife, Aphra was born at Wye in the year 1640. She was given a good education, and was still a schoolgirl when a relative, whom she called her father, was nominated by Lord Willoughby and appointed Lieut.-General of Surinam, in the West Indies, and set out with his entire family from the sheltered little house near Canterbury Cathedral to take up his position.

Full of hope and curiosity about the unknown life ahead of them, they embarked on their long journey. But only the children and their widowed mother actually landed, for the Lieut.-General died during the voyage, of a sudden illness.

Among her numerous admirers was a Dutchman, Van der Aalbert, who became so deeply infatuated with her that he gave away many secrets useful to the British Government. Yet the precious information she sent was disregarded

The sad circumstances of their arrival made them objects of special consideration, and they were given by the authorities a beautiful residence to live in, called St. John's Hill. It was built on the summit of an outcrop of white marble which ran right down to the banks of a splendid river. The opposite bank glowed with colourful orange and lemon groves and masses of flowers bloomed at all seasons, offering a riot of colour all the year round.

Aphra describes the place in the following words: "The whole globe of the world cannot show so delightful a place as this Grove was. Not all the gardens of boasted Italy can produce a shade to outvie this which Nature has joined with art to render so exceeding fine."

AT that time the district of Surinam (later called Dutch Guiana) was an English settlement, started about twenty years before by Captain Marshall and sixty colonists; but the venture proved a complete failure.

West and East Guiana, in French hands, was in a state of constant turmoil because of the unjust treatment of the natives by the hated French. Lord Willoughby tried to revive the colonising plan, but the slave-trading and other unsavoury practices of officials only brought it once again to ruination.

From what Aphra Behn has written it is clear that she was deeply impressed by the perfidies of the white man as opposed to the honesty of the natives, even after years of oppression, forced labour and barbarous ill-treatment. A short quotation will give us an idea of her high opinion of the Indians: "They are extreme modest and bashful, very shy and nice of being touched, and tho' they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an indecent action or glance. These people represent to me an absolute ideal of the first state of innocence, before man knew how to sin, and 'tis most evident and plain that simple nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and virtuous mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the world than all the invention of man. Religion would here but destroy that tranquillity they possess by ignorance, and laws would but teach 'em to know offences, of which now they have no notion."

It was this romantic setting that helped to form and develop the artistic powers of Aphra Behn, and it was there that she met the protagonist of the best story she ever wrote, "Oroonoko," the native prince who, through the treachery of a white slave trader, became a slave himself, together with his beautiful bride Imoinda.

This hero, described as handsome as Apollo and brave as a lion, had been educated in European fashion by a French tutor. He knew the classics and spoke French and English fluently. He became companion, guide and protector to the young Aphra on those hunting expeditions of which she was so fond; and when a native rebellion menaced the life of every white settler, and Aphra's family fled from their house to a place of safety, it was Oroonoko who took care of them. He managed to find a barge big enough to hold eighteen of them, including Aphra, her

brother, and Imoinda. For eight days they paddled away from the danger zone, and finally, with some hesitation, stopped at an Indian village. Having landed and discovered that no European had ever been there before, they felt safe.

Aphra and her brother, dressed in European clothes, attracted immediate attention. Slowly the natives approached, became bolder and at last surrounded them, touching and examining every detail of their attire down to their underwear.

Oroonoko acted as interpreter and soon managed to establish friendly relations between the newcomers and the Indians. It is a pity that space does not permit me to quote from "Oroonoko" in its entirety Aphra's description of a banquet, and an interesting scene that followed her arrival among these unspoiled children of nature.

"They brought forward what seemed to be the most important personage of the tribe, a boy of sixteen, as beautiful as Adonis. He was the Peeie of the village. This Peeie was a special individual chosen from birth to become a sorcerer empowered to keep away evil influence, to cure every sort of disease with secret tricks he had learnt, and to purify from pollution almost anything, with magic words. Naturally he was estimated to be sacred above anyone else. When he came forward he brought with him his little wife, a beautiful girl of about the same age."

The Peeie of the village looked on attentively, and then without hesitation ran towards Aphra, pressed her to his breast and kissed her with great gusto

Fascinated by her engaging smile, Aphra's brother went straight to her and kissed her full on the lips. The Peeie looked on attentively, and then without hesitation, ran towards Aphra, pressed her to his breast and kissed her with great gusto. There was a moment's suspense amongst the other natives, who all looked eagerly around with their bright eyes as if asking whether they should follow this example. The result was a scene of general joy and affection. Aphra concludes her description by saying: "They kissed one another and made it a very great jest, it being so novel; and new admiration and laughter went round the multitude that they will never forget that ceremony never before used or known."

After this the story takes a tragic turn. Scenes of revolting cruelty, described with great colour and clarity, follow each other up to the climax of Oroonoko's end.

We do not know how much is truth and how much fiction; but it seems certain that the writer's purpose was to reveal the barbarous ways of the white men with the Indians, their nauseating greed and tyranny which were carried to such lengths as to be almost inhuman.

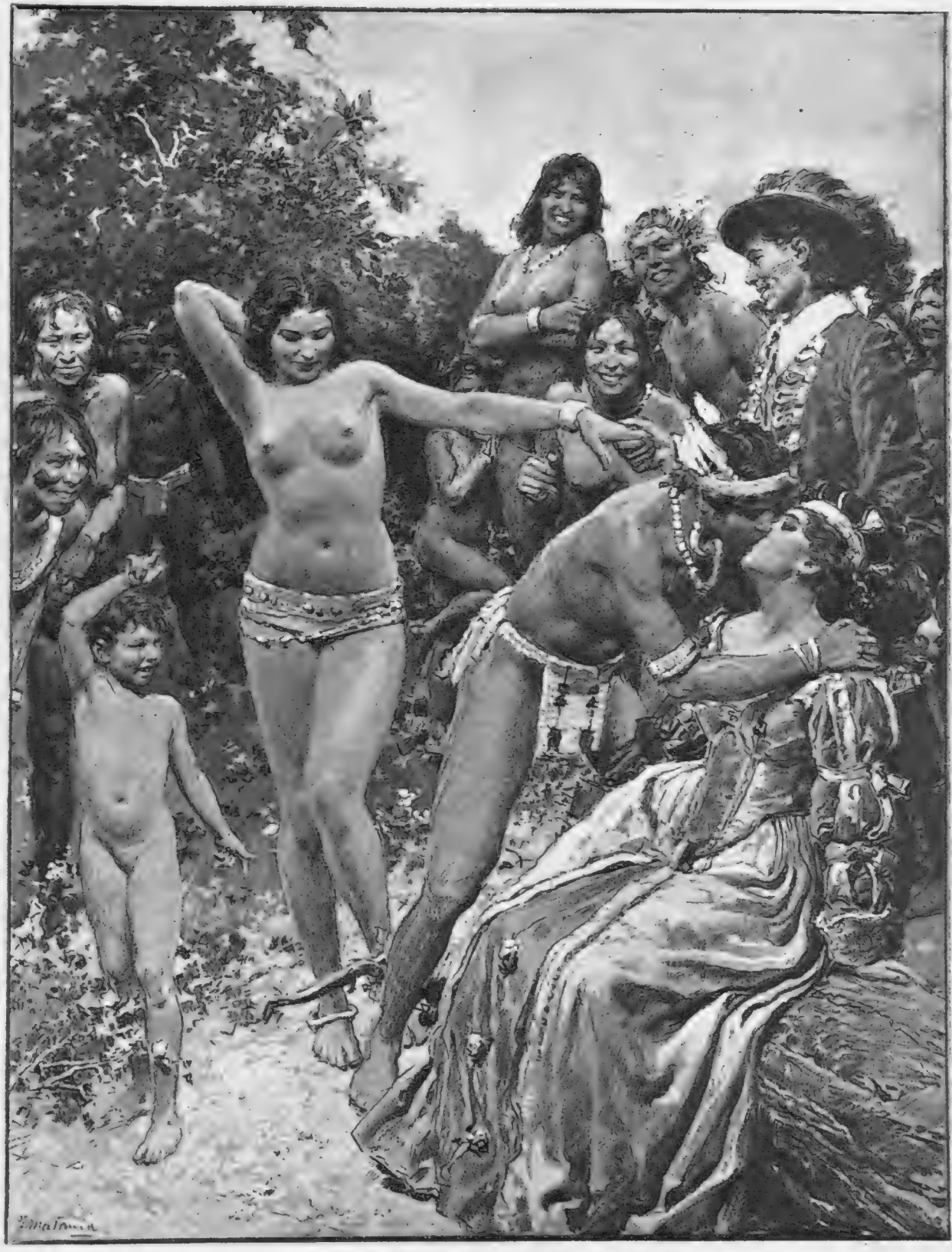
She also emphasised the moral difference between the Indians and those who cheated them of their land, their cattle, and their very right to live. She mentions certain names, with the laudable intention of exposing them to the condemnation of posterity. One conspicuous figure is an Irishman named Banister, who was responsible for the torture and death of Oroonoko. There is also a Colonel Martin, who would have liked to see both Banister and the Governor himself tied to the stake. The Governor at that time was Lord Willoughby.

But her denunciations took little or no effect. The trade in human flesh grew to an amazing magnitude and was fully legalised.

The West India Company owned practically all the slaves that passed into British hands in 1664.

But instead of dwelling on this painful chapter in history, let us return to the subject of the beautiful Aphra and her eventful life.

She was about twenty-three years old when she decided to quit the New World



and the scum of humanity that polluted it. The year 1663 found her back in England, living in London and trying to make friends among the influential circles that surrounded the Court of King Charles II.

She accustomed herself to the luxuries and refinements of life in Restoration times, and to the licentiousness of outlook. She absorbed a good deal of the latter, as was only natural.

Out of many would-be suitors, she chose a Dutchman, accepted his proposal of marriage and became Mrs. Behn. But the terrible plague that cost so many lives in 1665 left her a widow, friendless and almost penniless.

She applied to the Court for assistance, and with her knowledge of the Dutch language she was asked to go to Holland as a secret agent for the Government. This position she accepted with enthusiasm, confident in her youth, her beauty and vivacity, and sure that she would quickly earn the substantial rewards of this perilous service. She received all her instructions, and in August of 1666, with £40 in her purse, she sailed for the new field of action.

She had first to contact a certain William Scott, with whom she was to work. Everything proceeded according to plan. And meanwhile, numerous admirers of this English beauty quickly gathered around.

Among them was one Van der Aalbert, who became so deeply infatuated that he gave away many secrets useful to the British Government. But when at last the night came in which he was to have reaped the reward of his devotion, the light of morning revealed that he had been deceived. A woman called Catalina had taken Aphra's place as substitute!

SOME doubts have been expressed of the truth of her exploits, but it is quite possible that they did indeed take place. A combination of wine, infatuation and feminine wiles can produce surprising results.

It seems, however, that her admirers could not have been of much financial benefit to Aphra Behn, for we find her at the end of her resources, writing again and again to Killigrew and Halsall, cupbearers to the King, for money. She received no reply; and yet she had sent much precious information obtained by herself and Scott. Later she was to discover that this had been completely disregarded, with the consequence that England suffered a severe maritime defeat that might have been avoided.

Montague Summers, in his compilation of Aphra's works, declares: "Capable and indeed ardent agent that she was, there can be no excuse for her shameful, nay, criminal, neglect at the hands of the government she was serving so faithfully and well."

IN November, after spending three months in Holland, she wrote a piteous letter to Lord Arlington, Secretary of State, describing her extreme penury. With her goods in pawn, insulted and vilified by her landlady, she was on the point of being thrown into the common gaol, when somehow or other she succeeded in raising a loan of £150 from a certain Edward Butler, of London.

With this sum she paid her debts and returned, thoroughly disgusted, to England in January 1667. In London, every attempt she made to obtain her salary proved futile. Edward Butler, who proved to have the heart of a stone, resorted to drastic means to retrieve his loan.

The fear of prison loomed over poor Aphra again, and this time it became reality.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of this embittered woman when she was thrown into a filthy prison, whilst at Court the King and his bejewelled entourage (*Continued on p.* 66)

Failing to obtain the money owing to her from the British Government to pay her debts, she was thrown into a filthy prison

A Grouse in the snow. This bird has its feathers all fluffed and looks nearly twice its usual size. This is because air acts as a good insulator and by trapping as much of it as possible between its feathers the bird has virtually put on an overcoat

Nature And The Weather

By Frank W. Lane

ANIMALS have to adapt themselves to weather changes as best they can. Although termites have a form of central heating and domestic animals can share the artificial weather of man's dwellings, the great majority of wild creatures are thrown upon their own resources in the never-ending battle with the elements. Some of the ways in which this is done form one of the most fascinating chapters in Natural History.

The huge ears of an elephant act as a thermostat or its five- or six-ton body. A great deal of blood circulates through the delicate membranes of the ears, and by wiggling them—a characteristic action of elephants—the blood can be cooled by the moving air. The hotter it gets the more rapidly the ears wiggle and the greater the amount of blood which is cooled. Incidentally, a tame elephant which once had its ears frozen, went mad.

It has been observed that crickets chirrup at varying rates according to the temperature. Does this mean that the physical exertion of chirruping acts in a manner similar to the wiggling of the ears of elephants? At any rate so constant is the relation between chirruping and temperature that with some species of cricket the result can be predicted with almost mathematical accuracy. By counting the number of notes per minute, dividing by four, and then adding forty, you can always find the temperature in degrees Fahrenheit.

Have you ever noticed a bird sitting still when the weather has been very cold? If so, you have probably seen that its feathers are all fluffed out; sometimes until it looks twice its usual size. This is because air acts as a good insulator and by trapping as much of it as possible between its feathers the bird has virtually put on an overcoat.

But adaptations to heat and cold are not the only changes which weather brings about among animals. There is a bird called the ruffed grouse which, in winter, grows upon the sides of its toes some horny projections. When fully formed these growths form a perfect set of snowshoes which support the heavy bird even on fluffy snow.

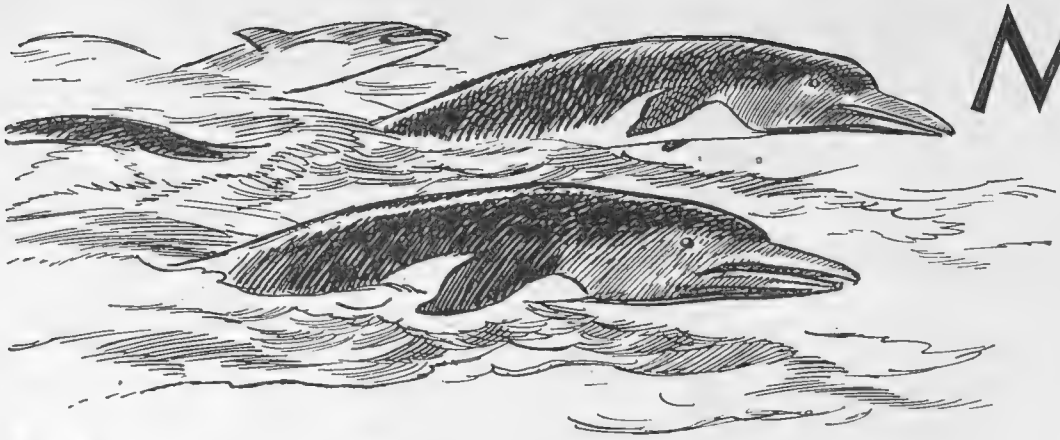
A rabbit which lives in Canada owes its name to a somewhat similar feature. In winter pads of coarse hair form on the soles of its large hind feet. These growths are about seven inches long and enable the rabbit to run easily on the surface of snow-drifts which, without the specially adapted footwear, would easily engulf it. Not surprisingly the rabbit has earned the name of "snowshoe."

A pair of wood-ducks on snow. Water birds have been known to rest on ice, become frozen to it and held prisoner until they have died of starvation

A huge bull Congo elephant. The ears of an elephant act as a thermostat for its five- ar six-ton body. A great deal of blood circulates through the delicate membranes of the ears; by wiggling them the blood is cooled by moving air.

Perhaps the best known change which weather conditions bring about is hibernation. Various species of mammals and amphibians bury themselves at the approach of winter and do not awaken until supply and heating problems are easier to solve.

But what is not so generally known is that there is a fish which hibernates in the *summer*! (Strictly speaking this is called "estivation"—"hibernation" referring only to winter sleep.) This is the lungfish of Africa and South America. It lives in shallow streams and other places where the torrid heat of the summer sun sometimes dries up the surrounding water. An ordinary fish would, of course, perish in such circumstances, but the lungfish buries (*Continued on page* 61)



Mist On

WHITE FACE, the big sea otter, and Silver Coat, his diminutive mate, swung away from the rocky shore in a daze. Though American citizens from away back, and supposedly the envy of all the non-protected fur bearers of the world, they had been jumped by poachers and callously driven from their California hunting grounds. Their sensitive nerves still jangling from the thunder of firearms, and their hearts heavy from the loss of their adored first born, they pushed steadily through the translucent sea, their powerful hindlegs strumming like perfectly torqued propellers and the water hissing out from under their chins in twin lines of creamy foam.

As far as the dog otter was concerned he was anything but a weakling, and looked quite capable of protecting both his mate and himself and keeping danger at arm's length. To begin with, he was all of five feet in length, had a twelve-inch tail that was wide at the root and tapered to a point, and he must have weighed all of 125 pounds. Besides that, his cylindrical body was tough as hickory and muscled like that of a professional weight lifter. He had a strangely bulging forehead, exceedingly sharp eyes, and short whiskers that lent him a faint seal-like appearance.

While his forelegs were almost too insignificant to be noticed, his hindlegs were astonishingly wide and flat, webbed like a ducks, and loaded with power. Oddly enough, he only had thirty-two teeth, four less than the common or garden variety of land otter, and their grinding surfaces had no cusps or cutting edges, but were round and pebbly.

While these personal details, the super-developed hind-feet, the short forelegs, the whiskered face and pebbly teeth, marked White Face as being different from most of the animals making their home in the sea, it really was his pelt, and the spell it seemed to weave about fur-conscious womenfolk, that set a price on his head and made him the world's number one fur bearer.

Like his mate, and all other sea otters, for that matter, he really had two coats, a short thick one, brownish in colour, that he wore underneath, and a top coat of much longer fur and so exquisitely tipped with white it seemed, at times, to have been touched with frost.

Having eulogized the senior partner of this monogamous union a little more enthusiastically, perhaps, than we had intended, let us hasten to add that his qualities in no way cramped Silver Coat's style or detracted from her perfect form and flawless fur. In addition, not only could she match every trick of his, and throw in a few of her own, but there hovered about her delectable person the indescribable magnetism of sex.

That two such valuable and law-abiding citizens should be forced to run the gauntlet of the open sea, and risk extinction at the teeth of some low form of predatory life, was a major tragedy. But more concerned with the present and the future, than with the dark and tragic past, White Face and Silver Coat moved steadily and effortlessly north-westward in search of the Utopia they hoped might lie somewhere in that general direction.

DAYS later, the dog otter was swimming slightly ahead of his spouse, ceaselessly winnowing the salty air for scent of danger, when he clucked softly in the back of his throat, and doubling back on his course with the fluid grace of a seal, he squired Silver Coat into the loose fringes of a nearby kelp bed, then turned to glare belligerently at the thing that had startled him—a big black battleship squatting low in the water and with the flag of Nippon crackling at her main truck.

Though White Face hadn't ever seen a battleship before, all his instincts warned him that she spelt trouble with a capital T. His senses on the alert, and his sharp eyes missing nothing, he was wondering if he should lead his doughty partner into the safety of the depths, or just circle the weeds till the thick carpet of spongy fronds lay between them and this extraordinary-looking thing, when four American PTs came hurtling out of the blue haze so swiftly they actually seemed to be flying. Instantly the mass of black steel came to life, and the clatter of pom-poms and five-inchers ripped the stillness of the Pacific apart.

Bracketed by the heavy fire, one of the madly careening boats promptly disappeared. One minute it was dancing and skittering over the top of the waves like a live thing. And the next, it had disappeared completely. The remaining cockle shells erupted in blinding flashes, however, and the big battleship exploded with a roar that brought the bottom of the sea rolling to the surface and all but split the otters' eardrums.

Stunned by the suddenness of the whole thing, White Face and Silver Coat sprawled in the weeds and tried to collect their wits. Then, as the sky began raining down hot metal fragments, all that remained of Hirohito's ill-fated battlewaggon, they ducked hurriedly under the surface and made for the quietest place they knew of, the bottom of the sea.

A HERD of those bloodthirsty killers of the sea, dolphin whales, came surging in from the open Pacific

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

The Moon

The Pacific Ocean Was Anything But Pacific for a Sea Otter and His Mate

By William MacMillan

A MYSTERIOUS impulse in the water, perhaps, warned White Face and Silver Coat of their danger

WHITE FACE was on a partially submerged rock bolting a salmon he had blitzed from the indigo depths, when a commotion in the water nearby revealed his terrified spouse being pursued by a fourteen-foot, hammerhead shark

Ordinarily they loathed the black, unfriendly depths. Children of the sun and the wind, they recoiled from the clammy chill of the underwater world, the perpetual pressure against their ribs, and the endless procession of fantastic shapes. But figuring that anything was preferable to remaining on the surface, they slashed down through the colour-changing depths till their ears no longer ached and fathoms of insulating water lay between them and the surface.

Not, as yet, inconvenienced by the pressure, they rounded a jutting shoulder of rock and looked curiously about them. Though no light penetrated from above, clusters of sea lilies, clumps of ferns, and even the silt, gave out a faint, nebulous light that added to the ghostliness of the little clearing.

Satisfied that they were momentarily safe from the gigantic creatures making their homes in the caves and crevices in the ocean floor, White Face was scratching his belly on the rough edges of the rock when the shadows began spewing out all sorts of indescribable life. Some resembled worms, others looked like crabs, blown up to gigantic proportions, and still others simply looked like nothing in the world. Some of the fish had enormous heads and tiny bodies, some had long pallid trunks with lighted portholes in their sides, and a few appeared to be all mouths or all stomachs.

Depressed by the Frankensteinish picture, White Face and Silver Coat, convinced that the gloomy depths had produced their worst, were on the point of turning away when a patch of green they had taken for grass turned out to be that most extraordinary of all underwater things, a smoky caterpillar. Scenting something, it gathered itself into folds and began moving away in horrible hitches.

This was the last straw, so to speak, and they struck out for the clean air of the upper world on a long slant, breaking the surface to find these littered with debris—and other things—from the defunct battleship. Blowing through their whiskers, they picked their way through the clutter and churned swiftly from the spot. And as they pulled down great gulps of the keen, salty air into their aching lungs, and felt the warm friendly sun on their backs, they did their best to forget the fantastic spectacle they had just witnessed.

Though neither otter was aware of it, they were now well inside the fiftieth parallel, and heading for the smoky Aleutian Islands. Sensing the importance of the moment they pulled their bodies down into the water and quickened their pace.

The fact that the sea otters preferred the bright, clean

YELLING triumphantly, the natives brandished their big seal clubs and closed in for the kill

sunshine to the clammy chill of the underwater world didn't mean that they doted on a placid sea. As a matter of fact, they were more at home in the screaming excitement of a storm, with the waves breaking over their heads and flinging them, helplessly, into the boiling trough. During such ecstatic moments they would fling caution to the winds and, forgetting the crass cupidity of human kind, lunge happily into the biggest waves they could find. This was what they were born for, what they liked best, the scream of tortured wind and the thundering of mountainous waves. All their senses in tune with the clashing elements they would shake the spray from their eyelashes, blow the spume from their whiskers, and fling themselves headlong at the rollers.

As they ploughed steadily through the shallow waters of the North Pacific they began meeting up with others of their own kind. Some of these were alone, others were in herds of five or six, and still others were in tight little family groups.

Paced by the dreadful thing that lay behind them, White Face and Silver Coat made no attempt to fraternize with these happy little groups. But one evening, as the westering sun sprinkled the sea with gold, they glimpsed a mother and baby that brought back to their minds the exquisite happiness of those carefree days on the California coast. Lying on her back in the kelp, with her precious offspring clasped to her breast, the graceful little matron made tinkling sounds in her throat.

Overwhelmed and beaten down by the old horror, Silver Coat was for turning their backs on the scene and putting as much water as possible between them and the happy couple. White Face, however, had other ideas. True to the legendary perversity of the male, he yearned for a closer view. Surging up to the edge of the gently-heaving kelp he arched his glistening body out of the sea, and with the water cascading from his satin-smooth fur, looked around. The weeds had obviously been lived in for a long time. Not only was the green carpet littered with broken shells and the remains of countless sea urchins, but nearby lay a ball of kelp-sprouts that had quite clearly been tossed from hand to hand in the way sea otters have.

Unconscious of his presence, and quite obviously in the seventh heaven of delight, the little matron tightened her clasp of the downy princeling at her breast and sang the sweet, ageless song of motherhood.

While only a small portion of the youngster was visible, there could be no mistaking the purity of his lineage. His head was misty white, and the rest of him was greyish-brown and already sprinkled with the frosted hairs of his gifted people. And though his nose was definitely stubby, funny even, the same could be said of his mother's and of all the otters that had preceded him down through the years.

Hardly had White Face and Silver Coat taken in all these intimate details when the spongy fronds parted, and a big, satyr-like otter, the father, probably, of the little princeling in the silver jacket, burst into view. Scowling ferociously, and every inch of his scarred and pitted body bristling with animosity, he glared about him as if daring any one to breathe the same air as his offspring. Apprehensive of the blind (*Continued on page* 61)

This cottage embodies many peculiarities in West Somerset cottage construction. Note the tall chimney shafts and protruding bake oven

A trim cottage at Dunster. For generations Somerset families have excelled in the age-old craft of thatching, punctiliously maintaining the Somerset tradition in ridge-fixings, half-hips and coxcomb terminals

(At top) A thatched cottage with side wall chimney and protruding bake-oven. (Centre) A pair of cottages in Bossington village. (Above) An old cottage at the foot of the Quantock Hills

A Cottage In The Country

Typical Examples From The Delightful County Of Somerset

By C. A. Stevenson

THE cottages "down Zomerzett way" reflect the radiance of cider orchards and green pastures. Few humble habitations have greater charm, although their fabric lacks the mellowness of Cotswold stone or the elegance of Tudor timberwork. Indeed, some cottages in the Vale of Porlock rank among England's fairest.

On the fringe of the great limestone belt stone-built cottages predominate. The little dwellings of Mells resemble somewhat those of the Cotswolds, though they are greyer; but at Montacute the local Ham Hill stone effects a slightly warmer aspect, whilst, in other parts of Somerset, the small stone houses are often colour-washed, like those at Stogumber. Around Keinton-Mandeville, Langport, and Charlton-Mackrell, a dullish white stone, crudely dressed, appears in cottage construction, with pantiles as roofing. Pantiles, likewise, in certain districts, serve conjointly with brick, enlivening the latter's monotony.

But Somerset, too, has other dwellings, notably in the west, that blend more benignly into the landscape—the old world cottages of cob and thatch. In this, Somerset is fortunate, for, today, most surviving cob habitations are encompassed by Devon's borders.

Although unavoidably restricted in design, cob cottages with well-thatched roofs and tarred plinths are remarkably snug; and their comely presence enriches many (*Continued on page* 66)

Grey Eyes and Greenbacks

Sometimes Receiving Gracefully Is More Important Than Giving

By Day Russell

THE sailor was leaning against the parapet of the Swan Bridge in Central Park. He was watching a girl on the paved fringe of the pool below. She was behaving in a most unusual manner. He was interested in the girl rather than her strange behaviour because visiting New York for the first time in his young life, he had very quickly learned that the way to appear like an old hand was not to be surprised at anything that happened in that city.

Two nights mainly devoted to Broadway had both deepened and widened his experience, notwithstanding two years of naval service, but, like a boa-constrictor that is gorged, he needed to get away by himself among familiar things to digest it all. So there he was, farm boy turned sailor, up early in the morning, smelling the morning air, leaning against the Swan Bridge looking at water, and green leaves on trees and beginning to feel better. And as he stared at the girl he felt better still, because in spite of her peculiar antics, compared with the girls he had met during the past two days, she was cut from a different cloth, and she belonged to familiar things like grass and water and apple trees in spring. He wanted to leave it impersonal, like those other things.

The air was still and full of the first freshness of the morning sun; and the sailor liked it that way. To his right, pathways dipped and wound to the short tunnel leading to the Zoo; to his left a mass of grey rock lifted from the pool to the bird sanctuary. All around, enclosing the scene, were trees with green leaves, and beyond the trees were the clean soaring towers of Fifth Avenue and Central Park South, softened and made lovely by a faint haze that seemed to have drifted down from the blueness of the sky. The sailor liked that too; a touch of the poetry of New York in the background while he got his thoughts into perspective among familiar things.

Nobody could deny that he and his buddies had had the time of their lives for two short days, and nobody could deny that a man owed it to himself to do New York if the chance came his way. Nobody could deny, however, that he would have to think up some first-class excuse for not going home after being at sea so long, and an even better excuse if a certain girl back home should realize from his letters that he was having seven days leave and playing hookey from going steady.

Nobody could deny that the sidewalks of New York burned your feet up, and that the Great White Way burned your money up, but nobody could deny that if a fellow has either enough money for a long rail fare or enough for a splurge in New York with, maybe, never another chance, it is a hard choice to make. It is also a funny thing that if you choose the right thing, something makes you feel you ought to have done the other thing, and if you do the wrong thing, your conscience troubles you. That is why Central Park in the early morning is a soothing place.

The sailor stared at the girl beyond. Apart from her strange behaviour, there was something about her that was just right. It wasn't that she was pretty, or that her hair had that smooth fairness that wasn't blonde, or that the flowered frock was just right on her slim, but not too slim, figure. With a little distance, detail gave way to an overall air of quality. With the eye of a farm-bred boy he knew that she had something that mattered on a farm, whether it was in seed corn, pedigree hogs or women folk. It was something his own girl had in a less expensive way, and it was familiar, and it made him feel better.

But it bothered him that she should be fluttering around the fringe of the pool like a flustered hen. It didn't fit in with the picture. Then it dawned upon his slow morning-after-the-night-before comprehension that the lady was in distress.

He straightened up slowly, set his white sailor cap back on his head just behind the curl of fairish hair, gave a tug at his blouse and went towards the plain duty that was before his eyes. With an easy, swinging walk that pivoted from incredibly slim hips up to square shoulders and down to bell-bottomed pants, he went over the hump of the bridge and wound round the path to the flat-paved bank of the pool. He hove to by the side of the lady.

THE sailor understood. Maybe he should have gone home after all. "We'll find him," he repeated

She looked up quickly and she was both prettier and more distressed than he had anticipated.

"Somethin' troublin' you, miss?"

The girl's grey eyes covered his face and the ribbons on his blouse in one swift glance and found some reassurance.

"I'm terribly upset," she said. "I've lost Junior."

"You've lost Junior?" he echoed casually, and he felt pleased with himself that he had shown no surprise. He was beginning to react like a sophisticated New Yorker.

"Yes," she said, and then she was down, sitting on her heels staring at the water.

The sailor squatted down by her side and stared at the water with an experienced eye. "That's pretty serious."

"It's terribly serious," she replied. "I simply must find him."

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

"Naturally," said the sailor gently. His fancy was distracted by the reflection of the flowers of the residential hotels of Central Park South in the still surface of the pool.

"I couldn't bear to think of him staying indoors all day and I had to bring him out."

"Look at that," he said. "Isn't that something?"

Her eyes followed his. "That's just it," she said. They call this the Reflecting Pool and that's how the trouble started. I couldn't bear to think of him staying indoors cooped up all day, and I just had to bring him out. I let him run around a little by the water, and then those reflections looked so lovely this morning, I let myself stare at them, and when I came to look for Junior he had just disappeared."

The sailor nodded gravely. "If this were Alice-in-Wonderland you'd just about imagine he'd gone straight through one of those windows in the water and then all we'd have to do would be to walk over to the real building and there he'd be coming through the door with a grin all over his face."

The girl looked up at him with a quick suspicion on her face. It was a clear-complexioned face that went well with the grey eyes. "You talk just like John."

"John?"

"He's a sailor, too. He has almost the same ribbons as you, too."

With those words a subtle fellow-feeling seemed to embrace them. Her man was in the Navy and he had a girl just as nice as she was somewhere on a farm. He could feel she was depending on him.

"That's where Junior comes in I suppose?"

She nodded and her troubled eyes returned to the water searching and searching.

This is New York, he reminded himself as he looked at an engagement ring on her third finger; don't be surprised at anything.

"How old is Junior?" he asked, while his eyes scanned the water looking for the body of a child underneath its surface.

"I haven't the slightest idea," she replied. "I only got him last night."

That rocked him back on his heels, but he recovered quickly. "A bit young to be running round Central Park on his own."

She hardly seemed to hear him. "The trouble is that he is so small."

"Naturally."

"He's not bigger than a fifty cent piece."

The sailor let his eyes close for a moment as comprehension dawned on him. It just showed how you must never show surprise in New York.

"It couldn't be you were on Broadway last night?" he inquired gently.

"Why yes," she said. "We had just been to the theatre and we were filling in the time until John's train went."

The sailor looked away from her face to give her time to blink away the sudden moisture that was in her eyes.

"Tough," he said quietly, and felt a queer small-boy feeling of guilt. This was the way his girl would have been feeling after he had said good-bye five days from now if he had decided to spend his money on railway fares instead of satisfying the irresistible urge to see the fabled Great White Way for the first time.

"I get it!" he smiled. Junior's back is painted bright emerald green with the Stars and Stripes in the middle and 'God Bless America' underneath."

The girl smiled up at him and they were as close as if they had known one another all their lives.

"Why, of course. But how did you know?"

"Why, miss, I was in the Entertainment Centre myself last night, and when I saw all those little turtles crawling around in the tank in the window and the girl inside offering to mail them home in a little box complete with air holes and a packet of turtle food with all the vitamins a little turtle needs, why I just couldn't help going in there and mailing one home to my girl." He laughed softly. "She'll throw ten fits when she opens that parcel."

"You have a girl?" she asked.

"Yes, miss. She's your kind of girl, too. She's got quality."

Something of his mixed feelings must have been in his voice for she looked at him again, and what she saw she liked very much. He had the same kind of clean open face as her John, not particularly handsome, but nice. She could tell from every word he

A STOUT lady with a very small dog on a lead came down to the pool, attracted by the peculiar behaviour of the other three

spoke he wasn't a New Yorker.

"Why didn't you go home to see her?"

He blushed. "Well, you see, we put into Brooklyn Navy Yard and I got seven days, but it's kinda far to get home, and the fare——"

"That's awful," she exclaimed, and he knew that that was just how his girl would feel about it.

Then she was moving along the fringe of the pool looking for Junior and, now he knew what to look for, he was following her with his gaze riveted on the water.

"It's bound to be in the water," she whispered.

"Those reflections sure are pretty," he replied.

He was very conscious that it was a lovely morning, the sky in the water was a cloudless blue, the sun on his back was already warm and gave to the towering hotels deep shadow lines that drew them with clear definition on the surface of the water.

"Can't miss him if he's in the water," he said.

"I'd like to leave him there," said the girl. "I think it's wicked to keep them indoors."

"My buddy says they love it. He sent one home last year and his kid brother says he just has to whistle and it comes up and nibbles a lettuce leaf. It crawls all over him——"

"Ugh!"

"You don't like the idea?"

The girl hesitated, torn between two thoughts. "I can't bear to touch frogs and things like that."

"But a turtle ain't a frog. You just pick him up by the shell and it's all right."

"I suppose I'll get used to it. I must!"

There was a note in her voice that gave the last words some deeper significance.

"Must?" He seemed to sense that she needed to talk.

"Yes. You see, John says things he shouldn't, and he said so long as (*Continued on page* 62)

SUMMER HEALTH PLAN

SPRING was always inclined to catch us on the wrong foot. Not ill and yet not exactly well. Six years of war and fatigue, short diets and long hours have added to the normal depredations of winter and piled up a springtime health account which has to be met.

Sunshine and fresh air are better tonics than any that can be got from a bottle. We attach too little importance to them because they are obvious and free, but by facing summer with a health plan designed to make use of every available moment of fresh air and sunshine, whatever our circumstances, we can do more good to our health, beauty and vitality than any doctor can.

Plan a daily routine with this end in view. It may mean getting up a little earlier. It will call for a more systematical arrangement of each day's tasks. Every spare moment must be given to the plan. But the effort will be generously repaid in the new vitality and the new health it brings.

WHEN you wake in the morning, stretch your limbs. Take a deep breath or two before you get up. Sit up, stretch your arms, throw your shoulders back. Breathe deeply again and then get out of bed.

The window should be open all night, but throw it wide open when you rise. Take three or four minutes for deep breathing in front of the window. Stand erect, hands on your hips. Breathe in through the nose. When the intake has reached its fullest extent, pause and breathe in a little more. Hold it and slowly expel the breath through the mouth.

Follow with a few minutes for exercises. Get an exercise sheet or a book on scientific exercising. Unless you use the right movements, breathing properly and holding yourself correctly, exercises can be a waste of time.

If you take a morning bath, take it warm, not hot. A cold sponge afterwards is healthy, but if this is too sudden, run cold water into the bath so that it is quite cold before you get out. Rub briskly to get the circulation moving.

Get up earlier to walk at least part of the way to the office. Cut out the bus to the station and walk instead. Breathe regularly and deeply as you walk.

Hold yourself erect, with stomach drawn in and shoulders down and back. Get to the office with colour in your cheeks and vitality in your system.

If you have to wait for a bus or train, practise deep breathing while waiting.

Take a walk after lunch instead of loitering over coffee.

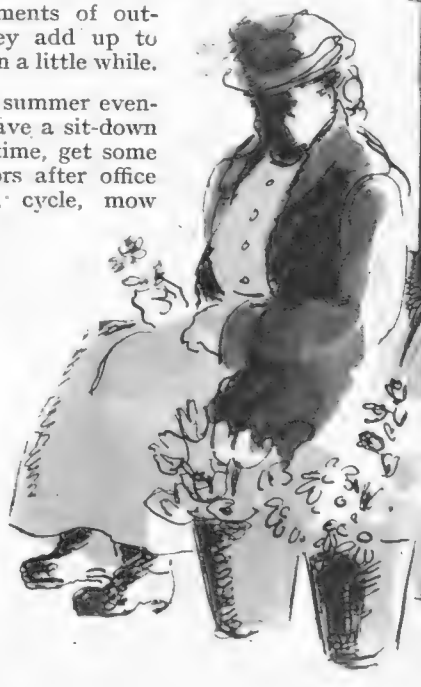
Twice a week take a salad lunch to eat in the office and use the rest of the lunch hour for walking. Don't discount these odd moments of outdoor air. They add up to something big in a little while.

Don't fritter summer evenings. If you have a sit-down job in the daytime, get some exercise outdoors after office hours. Walk, cycle, mow the lawn.

If your daytime job is strenuous, you will want something less active, but even if you spend an evening at the movies, walk home.

Plan week-ends so that chores are quickly disposed of to give you more time outdoors. Take the chores out of doors whenever possible.

Suppose people think you are a little cranky. Let them. Soon they will be admiring your skin and your bright eyes.



"Nothing Two

THIS is the true story of a home which grew out of practically nothing and evolved from the tireless fingers of two people who had little money but plenty of imagination.

Like many others, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bonsack found themselves one morning with a heap of rubble for a home. Nothing was saved, and the wherewithal to replace their treasured possessions was small. But this was a resourceful couple, not to be defeated by a German bomb.

Mr. Bonsack is a rising portrait artist, but his experience of interior decoration was at that time non-existent. His wife is an artist too, not in paint or oils, but in every facet of her imaginative taste for beauty.

Together they started to collect the nucleus of their new home. They explored in second-hand shops and pooled their optimism and their taste at auction sales. In the course of time they had amassed a collection of weird and outdated furnishings.

At this stage they took a flat in London. They were fortunate to find a small but sunny apartment with large, beautiful windows and backgrounds sufficiently uncompromising to make the infusion into it of their own original ideas a practical possibility.

At this point no single item of the furniture they had collected had cost more than £2.

The first important task was to denude some of the old-fashioned pieces of furniture of their extraneous decorations. A dressing chest-of-drawers, which is now one of the features of the sitting-room, was shorn of its heavily decorated mirror. Other pieces were similarly reduced to a stark simplicity.

Now came the tougher business of removing old paint and polish. Every

BY
WINIFRED
LEWIS

Cost Over "Pounds"

piece was stripped right down to the naked wood with caustic agents and repainted white.

Odd remnants of fabric in brilliant tones evolved under Mrs. Bonsack's fingers into upholstery and curtains. A purple satin with a cream flower design covers the high-backed Victorian arm-chair with its new white frame. A shrill mustard-coloured woollen decorates the white scroll-back couch.

The sitting-room carpet is one of the surprises and triumphs of the scheme. Carpet underfelt has been used to cover the floors throughout the flat, but at an auction the Bonsacks discovered one of the figured underfelts which were used in the past for a reason that nobody seems to recall.

The design in Persian red and cream is delightful, but the felt was dirty. They took the carpet, which was made in sections, apart, washed each separate section and, stretching it while damp into shape again, laboriously sewed the sections together to make a new and completely charming carpet.

The bed was a problem. Good beds are expensive and difficult to find, so Mr. Bonsack painted a bedhead on the wall. Thick white cord, pinned to the background with brass-headed studs, gives the outline. A bold design in fuchsia, pink and tones of green completes the illusion of a painted bedhead. A Utility mattress raised from the ground on four legs makes a divan bed, which is covered with a flowered-chintz spread.

Everywhere there is original detail. Pieces of old china, Mr. Bonsack's own pictures framed in white, colour rampant and yet exquisitely modulated, give this home a glamour which is ordinarily associated with interior decorating of a far more costly origin.

1. Cream walls and flower pictures as a background for Victorian furniture, painted white. The chest has gold-tinted handles and gold paint at the edges; cream curtains have a peach-tinted shell pattern, and the chair is upholstered with cream satin printed in blue and green. The carpet is a Victorian-figured underfelt.

2. A delicate console table and two quaint chairs were stripped of polish and painted white. Mouldings are picked out in gold paint and the chair seats are covered, one with peach taffeta, the other with the same colour in a star-figured satin.

3. An old horsehair sofa with a scroll back, stripped and painted white, now has a brilliant wool covering of mustard colour and fringed moire cushions of emerald green and bright pink. The hanging corner cupboard was a kitchen fitment, now painted white and decorated with a delicate flower design in pastel pink and green.

4. Two fibre-board black-out shutters formed the nucleus of the two fitted clothes cupboards which are now installed in either recess beside the fireplace in the bedroom. A Victorian mirror and table make the dressing-table. Petunia satin covers the painted arm-chair and glazed chintz curtains have pelmets of painted cardboard.

LOOK forward to softer, curvier, more graceful clothes. The severity cycle is ending and a persuasive feminity, a dressed-up, gala look prevails.

Even tailored suits and top-coats kow-tow to the new influence. Suit-jackets, much shorter, are frequently flared, even basqued, show rounded collars and revers, diminishing waists, inset belts. Flanged seams define shoulders and outline yokes. Shoulders, still wide and high, are gentler, not so squared.

Many skirts achieve front-and-back fullness with unpressed pleats, though straighter skirts, with every kind of pleating, continue.

Top-coats have enormously wide lapels, little waists, inset belts, dropping slightly at back, and, again, fuller skirts. Often they go with a dress to match, cut on similar lines, grey or shepherd's plaid, perhaps, decked out with white touches, or navy tricked up with pink, or pink and white. A pretty conceit is a posy on either wide lapel and one to match, placed dead centre of a back-of-the-head hat.

Afternoon dresses, as low-necked as could be, boldly exaggerate the breasts, tightly enfold the waist, and with a twirl of hip drapery move in a bustle idea to back fullness. Summer prints, cut on these lines, have baby cap sleeves—sometimes with little arm-tie bows or tassel fringes—barely topping the arm.

Hats are really-truly changing shape. Little bits of nonsense are bowing their way out to make room for the roomier, altogether more substantial, affairs now current.

At the top left is Aage Thaarup's palest mushroom flat-brimmed felt, worn almost at the straight, given height and drama by the huge forward bows of black moiré ribbon.

Next to it, Marjorie Castle's natural coarse straw tilts low in front, while covering the back hair with massed violet pansies. Hugh Beresford's navy Breton, directly left, trimmed with white fringe and grosgrain, breaks new ground with a towering crown.

At the right is Rahvis' black crêpe, with a draped, gathered front, tiny waist and hip drapery pulling round to stress back fullness beneath a china-blue satin bow.

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

HAND-KNIT BLOUSE

MATERIALS

5 ozs. of Lister's Lavenda 2-ply wool; one pair of No. 9 and one pair of No. 12 needles; buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 18½ ins.; across the back under-arm, 17 ins.; across the front (half), 9 ins. with edging; sleeve from the top of shoulder to lower edge, 9 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 123 sts. Knit 2 rows plain knitting.

3rd row.—K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

4th, 5th and 6th rows, knit.

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern:

1st row.—P. 3, * k. 3, p. 3, repeat from * to end of the row.

2nd row.—K. 3, * p. 3, k. 3, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat last 2 rows twice more.

7th row.—P. 3, * keep wool in front of needle, k. 3 tog., wool over needle twice, p. 3, repeat from * to the end of the row.

8th row.—As 2nd row. These 8 rows from pattern.

Continue in pattern until 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 88 sts. remain.

Continue until armhole measures 6 ins. (measured on the straight).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts. for the back of the neck. (*Continued on page* 64)

YOUNG-GIRL SWEATER

MATERIALS

7 ozs. of Paton's Beehive Fingering 3-ply, in white or pastel; ¼ oz. each of contrasting colours for the stripes; one pair each of knitting needles 12, 9 and 8; 4 buttons; crochet hook, No. 10.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins.; across back and front under-arms, 17 ins.; sleeve, length under-arms, 18½ ins.

THE BACK

With white wool and No. 12 needles cast on 106 sts. Work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 (beginning and ending the first row with k. 2) for 3 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and continue in ribbing, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 130 sts., then every 6th row until 142 sts. Work without further shaping until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 118 sts. Work for 2½ ins. then divide sts. for the back opening. Rib 59 sts. (slip the remaining sts. on to a spare needle). Continue in ribbing until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, ending at the centre back. Break off wool and leave the remaining 23 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the centre back and work to correspond, on the 59 sts., on spare needle.

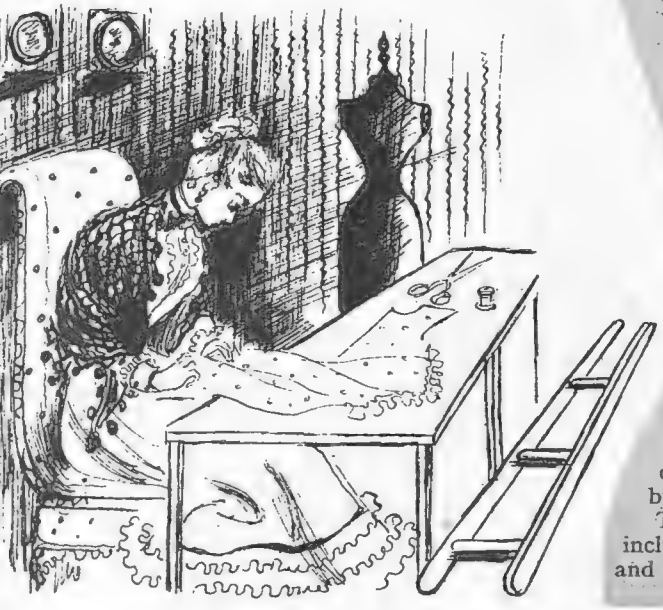
THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles and white wool cast on 126 sts. Work in ribbing for 3 ins. (beginning and ending (*Continued on page* 64)

OLD NEW

YESTERDAY'S TRADITIONS NEED NOT HAMPER TO-MORROW'S PROGRESS

SEAMSTRESS. Time was when sewing was the inevitable refuge of the woman whose only education worthy of the name was in her fingers. A humble figure, she sewed industriously upon the frills and furbelows which she could never hope to wear herself, a shadow in the background of the world of fashion of which she was so much a part and yet so far removed. Her trade was skilled but poorly paid. She was a back-room girl. Socially and economically, she was a nonentity.



OWNER-DRESSMAKER. To-day the dressmaker can present a very different picture. With talent and initiative, she is a modern careerist.

The successful dressmaker of to-day is typified in Violet Dalley, whose story is as good a guide as any for the girl who hopes to sew her way to success.

The fascination of clothes claimed Miss Dalley as a child. "I used to save my pocket-money to buy material and make dresses for my sister," she says. "It was hard luck on my sister, but I learned a lot.

"I took orders for clothes. I had nothing then but my original gift and my interest in the work. I made mistakes—plenty of them, but my instinct for style prevented my repeating them often."

Miss Dalley's progress is largely attributable to her capacity for hard work and her unremitting determination to improve. These were arduous times. Working many hours, studying styles, experimenting to improve her skill, but it worked. Later, she took employment in a West End workroom, and this was the real beginning of her success.

Finally she broke away and started independently with a workroom and employees of her own. She is emphatic in her advice to others that in dressmaking the self-confidence to branch out alone and the will to work hard in the student stage are vitally important.

Initial training, says Miss Dalley, should begin in a workroom where good clothes are made and where one's employer is prepared to give workroom assistants the chance to experiment in every side of the business. Technical-school training is also helpful. To-day, Miss Dalley controls a large business which includes wholesale and private work. She is elegant and poised—an extremely successful business woman.

VIOLET DALLEY

NURSERY GOVERNESS. Fifty years ago, even less, she was the unfortunate, suspended socially between the lower world of the kitchen and the more rarefied altitude of "upstairs." A misfit socially and a nonentity economically, she lived an isolated life among adults and enjoyed no better prospect than the hope of working in a good family who might protect her in her old age. If, as the novelists suggest, she occasionally married the "young master," she was certainly destined to live unhappily ever after, since the family, not to speak of the county, could be relied upon never to forgive her.

NURSERY SCHOOL-TEACHER. Since education by private tutorage has been largely discarded in favour of a more efficient and flexible system of school life for the children of the well-to-do, the nursery governess has developed a very different stature. She is, in fact, replaced by the nursery school-teacher, now a highly-trained expert—a teacher-psychologist with a scientific training and prospects as hopeful and as interesting as her initiative allows.

For the young woman who loves children and who responds to the challenge of guiding their early development, there is no more fascinating employment. The modern nursery school as an institution is still in its infancy, but it is developing fast, and its prospects for to-morrow are almost limitless. There is work in the future for an unlimited number of women, both as teachers in established nursery schools and as principals of their own private establishments. In these, small children of four to six years old are introduced to discipline and to occupations scientifically planned to enlarge and perfect their developing faculties and to prepare them successfully for initiation to more advanced education in school.

Training as a nursery school-teacher is highly specialised. There are training-schools now throughout the country where young women are accepted on a residential basis. Training in handicrafts, health principles and child psychology figures among other important aspects of mental and physical welfare for the very young.

Trained nursery-school experts are employed now in every Government war nursery, and prospects of employment are expanding rapidly with the establishment of the new Education Bill.

JOBS WITH FUTURES

COOK. Partly a figure of fun in the past. Her circumference was only exceeded by the tyrannical discipline she wielded over scullery maids; £40 a year and her keep was about the limit of her achievement.

VISITING COOK. Despite the inglorious traditions attaching to the past, many accomplished and ambitious young women to-day are seeking fortune and a modest fame in the sphere of domestic cookery. This is, indeed, one of the old jobs with a new future for women who regard cookery as an art and a science demanding a standard of training and skill and yielding good rewards.

The visiting cook is an innovation. A few ambitious young women had started careers of this kind before the war. Naturally, the food situation has brought this work to a standstill for the time being, but it remains a most promising field for experiment and development in the future, especially since the domestic-help situation shows little promise of any great improvement.

The visiting cook is a highly-trained expert in every branch of advanced domestic cookery. She hires herself and, in necessary circumstances, her assistants also, to private households for the purpose of cooking for dinner parties and other social functions. The work is interesting and lucrative and, in the course of time, yields opportunities to build up a flourishing connection.

The visiting cook is a catering expert in a small way. The hostess who normally does her own cooking will gladly avail herself of the visiting expert for some special occasion when the food must be the best available and the service impeccable.

To start such a business, the cookery expert must be trained in every scientific and practical branch of her work. Institutional training is the best possible means of accomplishing this end.

A preliminary training of two-and-a-half days a week at any of the large technical institutes will make a beginning for the girl who is leaving school. The advanced, full-time institutional courses carrying the recognised diplomas are only available from the age of eighteen. These extend over a period of two years. Incidentally, for schoolgirls who have taken cookery in the ordinary school curriculum, cooking is now a recognised subject for the School-Leaving Certificate.

The National Training School of Domestic Subjects and the National Society's Training College prepare students for teaching and demonstration work, which also offer another most interesting field of employment for the modern cookery expert.

MRS. FIELDEN JOHNSON

DAIRYMAID. An enchanting, milk-and-roses figure of fiction, tripping through life with a milking-stool, melodiously calling her flock across the scented meadowland. In stern reality she was a farm menial. She needed to be healthy to survive the rigours of life on an old-fashioned farm where, picturesqueness apart, brawn took precedence over brains and the ability to work with the strength of a horse for next-to-nothing a week was all that counted.

SCIENTIFIC DAIRY FARMER. A very different story surrounds the modern equivalent of the dairymaid.

Since women were more widely recruited into farming through the war, experience has proved that dairying is better suited to their talents than most other branches of heavy farming. Dairy farming, in fact, figures prominently among the new careers for women. It is already firmly established and shows still more promise for the future.

The production of dairy produce in the model farm is a scientific process, almost entirely mechanised and demanding a high standard of training.

Agricultural education is now available to women from eighteen years of age at various colleges and schools throughout the country. The training courses extend variously over two or more years and, on completion, carry recognised degrees or diplomas. Shorter courses, varying from a few weeks to a year, are conducted at the same schools, but are not, of course, so comprehensive, nor do they give the complete training which is essential for the student who hopes to become a dairy farmer in her own right.

The best modern agricultural schools provide residential accommodation. Farm buildings are constructed on modern scientific principles, and students are prepared for certificates of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, the National Diploma in Dairying, and other degrees.

Expert opinion advises the intending woman dairy expert to serve a few months' practical apprenticeship on a working farm before taking any of the institutional courses of scientific training. This ensures that the student begins the more serious part of her training with a practical working knowledge of farm conditions and farm routine.

All the farm institutes and agricultural colleges now provide instruction for women. The school session normally begins in the spring and continues throughout the summer, but in some cases women are accommodated all the year round.

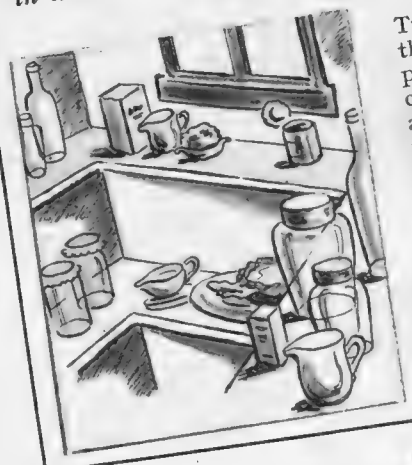
The photograph on the left above is of Mrs. Fielden Johnson, who has been outstandingly successful on her own modern farm in Leicestershire.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU...

Your child has the symptoms of a cold, but there is an outbreak of measles at school. How are you to tell which of these complaints it may be?

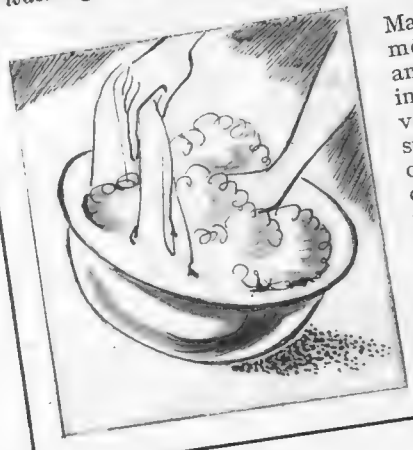
Measles starts, like a cold, with running nose and eyes, but a rise of the temperature and pulse-rate should be a warning of the more serious complaint. Normal pulse-rate of a child is 100. Young babies from 120 to 140. Bluish-white spots in the mouth usually indicate measles.

Ants have made an appearance in the larder and are getting into the food. You have been unsuccessful in tracing the source of them. What can be done?



Try washing over the floor with turpentine. Treat cracks in wainscot and floor-boards with paraffin. Scatter powdered borax on the shelves. If the ants persist, wash over the floor with a solution made from builder's lime, mixed, 30 / 70, with cold water.

Without realising that the colour might run, you have allowed a coloured garment to go in with the other washing and the dye has stained the whole clothes.

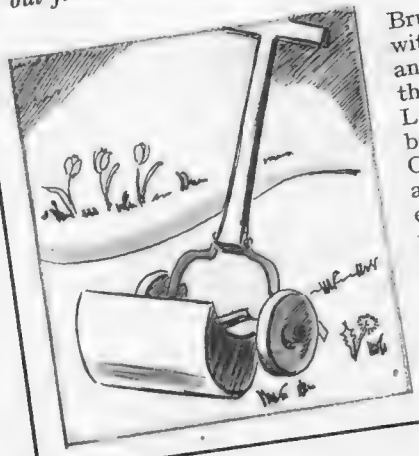


Make a mixture of methylated spirit and strong ammonia in equal parts. Rub very gently on the stains with a piece of clean white cloth dipped in the solution. Rinse. If this fails on plain white material, pour undiluted peroxide on the stain and soak before rinsing.

You have been asked to a party and there is no time to get to the hairdresser. There is no alternative but to wash and set your own hair.

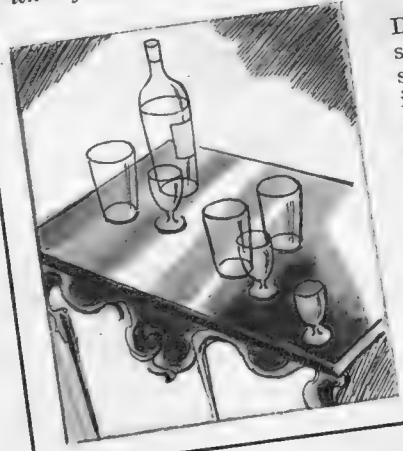
Make a shampoo with grated toilet soap dissolved in hot water with a pinch of borax. Use a final rinse of vinegar and water. Spray a little brilliantine on the hair while wet before setting. Take tiny strands and place each curl in the right direction for your finished coif.

The lawn-mower was put away last summer without sufficient protection from damp, and it has now come out from its winter quarters rusted and hard to push.



Brush off dry rust with a stiff brush and then soak all the parts in paraffin. Leave overnight before wiping off. Oil the wheel cogs and drip oil on to every moving part of the machine. Sandpapering the edges of the blades will remove the worst of the rust and improve the cutting edges.

After a party the french-polished surface of your precious dining-table is marked with the outline of whisky-glasses. How can it be removed?



Dry bicarbonate of soda rubbed into the stain will often fade it. More drastic is to rub with methylated spirit and then quickly to follow with an application of linseed oil. The oil must follow quickly or the spirit will remove more polish than stain.

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

WE shall have to revise our ideas about the "coddling" of those Girls of Long Ago. I have been reading the autobiography of a lady of Somerset yeoman stock —"Elizabeth Ham by Herself, 1783-1820," introduced and edited by Mr. Eric Gillett (Faber, 10s. 6d.). The cure for eye-inflammation in childhood, she says, was confinement in a dark room for a year. She was also "doomed to daily immersion in a tub of cold water," and when her family lived at Weymouth, bathed in the sea every other morning, summer and winter, heat and cold, often the sole shuddery figure on the beach. "Oh, the misery of undressing!" and the chill of the walk afterwards! At school at Tiverton she had not enough to eat; the bedclothes were so scanty that in one very cold winter the girls were driven to raid the cheese-room because "not finding things sufficient to heap on our beds, we had recourse to the cheese, which certainly added more to the weight than the warmth of our covering." Incidentally, George III would pay surprise visits to the Hams' farm, order sheep for Windsor, and forget to pay for them. This genteel chronicle of life in Jane Austen's time, with digressions to the Channel Isles and Ireland, will delight Janeites.

A RETIRED business man now living in Ottawa once "toted a piano on his back" over the Chilkoot Pass for a vaudeville troupe in the Klondike Gold Rush, covered up to eighty miles a day by dog-team, and more than 400 carrying the frozen body of a Judge and fighting off wolves. Mr. Merrill Denison tells the story of this prodigy, Michael A. Mahoney, whose exploits inspired Jack London and Robert Service, in "Klondike Mike" (Jarrolds, 16s.). It is a stirring tale of "the Yukon and Alaska, of the trails of '97 and '98, of Dawson, Nome and Fairbanks, of polar bears and drifting herds of caribou, of Soapy Smith and Dangerous Dan McGrew." I read it with gusto, but am still puzzled about that piano, even though it wasn't quite a concert grand. . . .

BY contrast, Sir William Beach Thomas is content to tote a modest flageolet through England's green and pleasant land, piping whatever beauty comes to mind. "The Poems of a Countryman" (Michael Joseph, 6s.) display the quiet sensibility we find in his prose. He celebrates the months and seasons, turns from war

To watch the budding may,
The crocus bloom,
The great stone rolled away
From winter's tomb.

He can also turn a pretty conceit and aphorism, as in "A Snob":

He boasts he is descended from a peer
Who landed with the Norman Conqueror here;
His morals and his manners both convince
His stock has been descending ever since.

PRODIGIOUS not only in length, but conception and execution, is Alexei Tolstoy's 680-page Stalin Prize Novel, "Road to Calvary" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), begun in 1919 and completed in 1941. It spans pre-1914 St. Petersburg with its neurotic *intelligentsia*, the war, the revolution and civil war; focuses the fortunes—or misfortunes—of four main characters who are scattered by the tempest but live to see the dawn of the Five Year Plans and to hear the voice of the New Earth: "We are fighting on the barricades for our right and the right of the whole world to end once and for all the exploitation of man by man." The range of character and incident can be compared only with "War and Peace."

"VENUS rises from the waves," says Sir Horatio Hornblower gallantly, watching his wife Barbara emerge from her bath, attended by a negro (*Continued on page* 66)

The Wynne Diaries

DIARIES covering the French Revolution and Napoleonic periods have a special significance. We want to know what was being said and done in ordinary social circles while all that turmoil swept Europe; and here, in the handsomely produced "Wynne Diaries" edited by Mrs. Anne Freemantle (Oxford University Press: Vol. I, 15s.; Vol. II, 10s. 6d.; Vol. III, 21s.) are the jottings of three daughters of English gentry—Elizabeth, Eugenia, and Harriett Wynne—between 1789 and 1820. Betsy and Eugenia were brought up abroad, first in Italy, then Switzerland. The French eruption drove them from country to country, to find refuge at last in the British warship *Inconstant*, whose Captain Freemantle, Betsy married in Naples, with Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and Prince Augustus as witnesses. On the voyage back Nelson lost his arm in the unsuccessful raid on Cadiz; Freemantle was severely wounded, but survived to serve again at Copenhagen and Trafalgar and rise to the rank of Admiral, while Betsy stayed at home to await his letters and scant leaves and pen her chronicles of London, county, and family life, with her two sisters also scratching away at intervals. There is thus the echo of momentous events behind the domestic small-talk and emotional crises of the kind that moved Eugenia to write of a visit to Vauxhall: "I believe that I should have enjoyed the Scene much had I not felt exceedingly ill the whole time, besides being *somewhat* jealous of Mrs. Sidney whom we met sometimes in our rounds—However, Campbell is only in joke in what he says about her—but I love him so dearly and so truly that not for any instant could I even in thought prefer anybody to him, I cannot therefore endure the idea that he should make Love to any other woman . . ." These Diaries are the more precious because they throw further social light on the Jane Austen period. We cannot have too much documentary background to a time which has many affinities with our own in a matter of momentous events that shape history, and a special literary appeal to the reader of contemporary memoirs.

EUGENIA WYNNE

ELIZABETH WYNNE

In the month of May the countryside is awash with blossom, swept by scented or tinted tides of fragrant lilac

A 1939 May Queen. Beryl Armstrong crowned May Queen of the King's Road School, Stretford

(On left) An old custom. In the early morning of May 1st milkmaids used to dance in London streets to the music of fiddlers and flutists. A man carried on his head flagons and dishes decorated with flowers and the maids were garlanded with wreaths

The Merry Month of May

Its History and Customs

By Wilma Buckley

EVEN the most insular cannot help but admit, however grudgingly, that spring is a phenomenon which appears the world over! But there is, nevertheless, something peculiarly English, to our possessive, nature-loving way of thinking, about the season . . . and about the month of May in particular, apotheosis of the entire springtide cycle.

In May, the countryside is awash with blossom, swept by scented or tinted tides of lilac, of laburnum; hawthorn, red and white, and honeysuckle and the briar rose. Wild violets in the hedgerows; cowslips, cuckoo flowers, dandelions and daisies, spattering the fields; meadows fragrant with feathery fronds of bitter-sweet.

And May in London, too, had (and will have again) an unfolding charm and gaiety, after its own fashion. The opening of the London season filled the town with a bustling sense of ceremonies to come, the raising of a curtain, the tuning-up of an orchestra. Window-boxes in bloom, freshly painted front doors, newly fitted sun-blinds; strips of red carpet across the pavement in the squares, striped awnings on the balconies, débutantes in the Mall. May Day itself brought bannered processions of celebrating workers; the gaily caparisoned cart-horse parade in Hyde Park; pearlie kings and queens and all the fun of the fair on Hampstead Heath.

May is the month that brings to mind the essence of medieval Merrie England, all those May Day mummeries and junketings brought to a halt by the advent of a Puritan régime and never wholly recaptured. One sees the wreathed and ribboned may-pole carried in triumph to the village green, brightly dressed morris dancers hung with tiny bells, besmocked shepherds and buxom dairymaids of that agricultural heyday; senses the laughing and singing, feasting and drinking that accompanied the May Day public holiday. Young and old, rich and poor, all went a-Maying . . . and all joined in the ceremony of crowning the May Queen.

Children of Halstead Village School, Kent, celebrate May Day in the picturesque old-time manner by dancing round the May Pole

THE month was named, reputedly, after Maia, mother of Mercury; the Romans held a May Day votive procession and the first few days of May were celebrated as a non-stop festival in honour of Flora, goddess of flowers.

To the Romans we owe the long-lived superstition that this is an ill-omened month for marriages; another superstition being the supposedly unlucky bringing of may blossom into the house—its origin, in this case, (*Continued on page* 64)

On duty and Off

A NEW fashion whimsy is not a thing to be taken very seriously. It may be the lightest bit of nonsense and even slightly ridiculous, but it can often take your mind off your worries at least for a little while. To prove my point let me tell you the story of a white tulle hat.

A friend of ours came back from Brussels the other day bearing presents for his wife, among them a white tulle hat, light as a feather, gay as a glass of champagne and one of the highest of new high hats. Forty-eight hours after his return home one of those noisy "V" things fell near their flat and the result was the usual mess of shattered glass and fallen plaster.

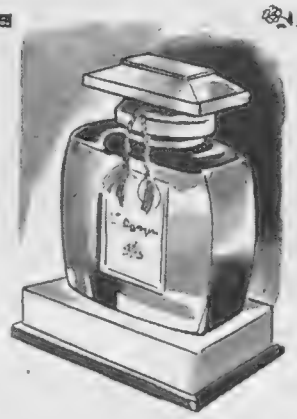
Next morning anxious friends called to inquire. They rang bells and banged on the door, and after a little while the door was flung open and out popped a gay smiling little face, topped with the aforesaid white tulle hat, and a voice bubbling over with excitement exclaimed: "Isn't it entrancing? Have you ever seen anything so pretty? Wasn't it sweet of him to bring it all the way back from Brussels for me?" Needless to say all thoughts of damage to hearth and home were forgotten in the excitement of admiring this charming and utterly ridiculous tulle hat.

Jane Gordon

OFF DUTY

THE best cure for chronic war fatigue is a really efficient beauty treatment given by a well-trained expert. Nothing will give a woman such a sense of well-being, or restore her self-confidence more quickly than that "fresh from the cleaners" look which a good beauty treatment provides. The psychiatrist who realizes the psychological value of a well-staffed beauty parlour will be able to prevent many a post-war nervous breakdown.

In London you can find every type of treatment if you know where to look for it; no matter what your problem may be, there is an expert who knows how to treat you. In Ebury Street, for instance, there is a hairdresser who specializes in West End hair styling, which costs about 10s.; you can get your hair cut here for 5s., and a shampoo and set for 4s. Half an hour's scalp treatment with violet ray costs 5s., and a permanent wave, Jamal or Eugene method, is priced about £3 10s. This firm caters particularly for Service girls.



Then there is a hairdresser's in Sloane Street where they give free consultations in hair styling and they also specialize in tinting and wig making.

Two hair specialists, whose names are famous all over America, have London addresses where you can get the world's best shampoo and scalp treatment. One of these firms charges 10s. 6d. a treatment, and the other 15s. 6d., which includes special herb shampoo.

Facials may cost anything from 3s. 6d. to £2 10s., according to the type of treatment given.

At a well-known London beauty parlour you can get a half-hour facial for 3s. 6d., which includes make-up. At another you can get all-in beauty service, including foam bath and massage, price 15s. 6d., or massage and special exercises at the same price. You can also get shampoo and set, or practical hair styling, and appointments can be made after business hours.

In Brompton Road I know of a charming little beauty parlour where you can have a face-lifting massage for 15s. 6d., the ordinary face treatment for 8s. 6d., or a clean and make-up for 5s. 6d.; eyebrow plucking costs 3s. 6d., and there is also an expert chiropodist here who charges 3s. 6d. for removing corns on one foot, 5s. for both feet; foot and ankle massage costs 7s. 6d., but women in uniform can get both the chiropody and the massage at the reduced price of 7s. 6d.

At Elizabeth Arden the charges are as follows: 17s. 6d. for muscle strapping; 25s. each masque treatment; 30s. the firmo-lift treatment; 17s. 6d. neck and arm treatment. These treatments are also given at various provincial stores, such as: Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds; Kendal Milne Ltd., Manchester; Bon Marche, Liverpool; Brown's, Chester; Ellis-ton's, and Cavell's, Oxford.

ON DUTY

NECESSITY is the mother of invention, so they say, but it looks as if war is the father of research. During the past five years, research has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, even in the field of cosmetic chemistry. Owing to all the restrictions and economies, or perhaps because of them, more progress has been made in skin therapy during the past few years than during the previous centuries. The result has been a new base for face creams which enables the cream to get together with the complexion in a way which has never been possible before.

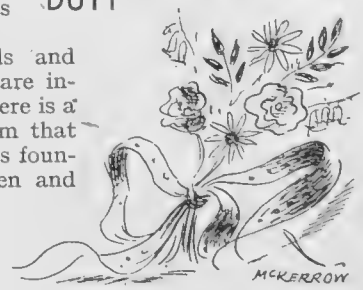
In America the best brains in the cosmetic industry have been busy developing brand new products and using this special emulsifying basis which the skin can absorb.

Coty has introduced a skin food called Conditioning Cream which is both skin food and cleaner, costs 8s. 9d. for a large jar and is made with this new basis. It is invaluable as a face and neck cream, and we, in England, whose skins have become dried out through shortage of fats have special need for a face cream of this type. This cream also makes an excellent background for make-up. Dorma Cleansing Milk has also been introduced by Coty; this is a quick cleanser and leaves the face feeling pleasantly cool; it is suitable for all types of skin, and the price is 7s. a bottle.

Atkinson's Skin Deep is also made with the new formula. This is an all-purpose cream, price 5s. 10d., including purchase tax. You can use this at night as a nourishing cream or as a foundation for make-up.

For land girls, redheads and women whose complexions are inclined to be a little florid, there is a specially good weather cream that I know of, price 4s. 6d. This foundation ream is tinted green and helps to tone down the complexion as well as protecting the skin from the drying effects of

(*Continued on page 67*)



When Your Husband Returns...

Don't Go To Bed Looking Like This

THOUSANDS of wives all over the world have had complete beauty-care privacy for too long and are hoping and praying that this privacy will soon be ended.

But husbands, fastidious husbands, do not appreciate the straightforward bedtime beauty care their grass-widows have been practising.

The night before that day of reunion wives can go to bed smothered in cream, eyelashes, nails and toenails vaselined, hands creamed inside white cotton gloves, hair piccaninnied in curlers—but from the following night on this has to stop. Overnight beauty care has to be reorganized, for a little while at least. Give him time.

Hair, of course, is the chief problem. So often, a smooth, well-behaved coif is the result of patient doing-up, pinning, curling and arranging the night before.

Well, you can brush your hair, massage it, comb it. Then try to leave it loose. If the ends just have to be attended to, make this your first job in the morning. Damp the ends slightly with setting lotion and put them in curlers or whatever you use, beneath a head handkerchief. Wear this while you are dressing, bathing and breakfasting.

If you don't have to go straight out, fine; keep your hair this way during house-work hours. But most hair needs only about three-quarters of an hour to an hour in pins. You'll probably find that one really long setting in pins and combs will keep the ends and waves behaving for a few days at a time. Then occasionally you could set it overnight, and tie a net scarf round with a big front bow.

If you do a hot oil application before shampooing, you will not be able to leave it on your hair all night now. Instead, you will have to soak the oil on half an hour before shampooing, and wring towels out of hot water, applying them to your head to keep your head, hair, and oil hot for the whole half-hour. As soon as one hot towel has cooled, apply another piping hot one.

Skin responds to short, nourishing treatments, too, if heat is used to quicken reactions, so apply your skinfood before you get into your morning bath, leave it on while you are soaking, washing, and drying, massage it well in and wipe off the surplus before

DYE WORKS

MORE women than ever before are having their grey hairs tinted. More women are considering their grey hairs with disfavour, and seeking remedies. To dye or not to dye—or tint or brighten, call it what you will, is a universal topic.

Provided you are not allergic to the preparations used in tinting your hair, provided you have it carefully done by experts, and spend time on your hair-care, there is no reason why you should display your greyness until you are of an age to be proud of it.

You must try to go to the same hairdresser all the while, and you must make sure that your hairdresser is good.

A good hairdresser will test your skin's reaction to the dye by first doing a curl at the nape of the neck.

If you are the sort of person who has skin trouble if you use any old powder, or lip trouble with the wartime lipsticks, then you should not consider dyeing or tinting. If your hair is in poor condition, looking drab in quality as well as colour, then you must not think that an application of dye will solve your problem.

Never start on the dye until your hair is healthy; and know that you will have to spend even more time on it afterwards with hot oil applications before shampooing, massage and brushing.

As long as you do not think of dyeing as the easy way to hair beauty—then dye works.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

you dress. Finish with a tonic or mild astringent application.

A shiny face is not unattractive to look at if hair is tidy and lips vivid. There is no need to feel unsightly if you have skinfood on while you are cooking and the heat will help your skin to absorb the cream. If you have a dry skin you can use as a make-up a special cream under a good *non-shine* lotion topped with powder. The three may sound rather a coating but they are excellent for the dry skin, the cream doing its good work all day while the lotion and powder present a matt face to the world.

If you feed your skin thus during the day, you can get by with just removing your make-up at night, then apply a little lipstick.

If you are the victim of a spotty skin, an unhealthy skin, a weary skin, and are accustomed to retiring at night hidden in rainbow-hued creams and ointments, try a short course of a serum treatment.

Try to get the ten-night initial treatment over before your husband comes home—then you only have to massage the colourless serum into your skin one night a week to keep up the good work.

The first ten-day supply costs thirty shillings, but the after treatments, once a week rather than once a night, are less costly. Not only will this routine do away with the need of heavy night creams—it should also do away with your spots and skin disorders in very quick time.

Eyelashes look better if the lash-growing cream you apply is tinted, giving a dark tone to your lashes. If you do not generally use mascara you can use this tinted lash-grower on your lashes during the day.

Nails must have one or two special home manicures during the afternoon or evening if you cannot get to a salon, but a little cuticle cream can be worked into nail-bases at night.

If you do housework, get the habit of washing your hands well and using lotion after the final chore; and for the dirty work of the house (exclusive of washing up and vegetables) massage cream into your hands first and wear a pair of old fabric gloves.

Toe nails must have their manicure after your hot bath, at least once a week.

Exercise and body massage can fit in when and where you have time.

You're as Young as You Feel....

HOW young are you? Your body decides this question, not your years, nor your face make-up. Beauty-care can keep your face youthful and attractive, but without a body agile, supple and youthfully healthy, you will not be able to deceive any one—least of all yourself—into thinking you are a day younger than your years.

Your first thought should be to see that you are not carrying around excess weight; this would make you feel older, look older and it is not healthy.

The first decision you must make, in any endeavour to keep youthful, is that you will exercise daily with rhythmical breathing.

This exercising can be started at any time from thirty-five to fifty-five, or even later.

Your lungs must be filled with fresh air, as pure as possible, while you are exercising, so that the blood which is sent coursing through your body on its toxin-removing work, will be properly purified by your lungs as it goes on its way. In addition, you should get the habit of breathing deeply whenever you are in the fresh air.

Having disciplined your body into better behaviour by simple exercise routines, you will find it easier to keep a good posture. The average woman spends a lot of time in a bad posture after she is forty or forty-five.

The usual sitting slump is health-destroying and ageing to the figure; it produces the dowager's hump and stretches the back muscles so that they weaken like overstretched elastic. The chest and diaphragm are pressed down, hindering the functioning of the abdomen muscles, causing bad digestion and constipation—enemy number one of health and youthfulness. If you can keep your posture good, and yet be supple and relaxed, you have won a great battle. One of the most telling encroachments of age is the seizing up of muscles. Try to do some of the bending exercises you used to do in your youth—at thirty-five or forty you can still do them. If you forget all about them until you are much older they will be impossible.

Exercise can keep you supple and active on a youthful scale. Exercise, by causing the sweat glands to function, removes body poisons through the pores of the skin. We will send you a list of simple and effective exercises that you should be able to do even if you are getting on for fifty.

Start them gently, choose the easiest at first, and then work up to the others.

Another habit which is even more difficult to start than daily exercise is the cold shower, plunge or rub down after your hot bath. Yet this will keep your skin and surface tissues toned and fresh better than anything else.

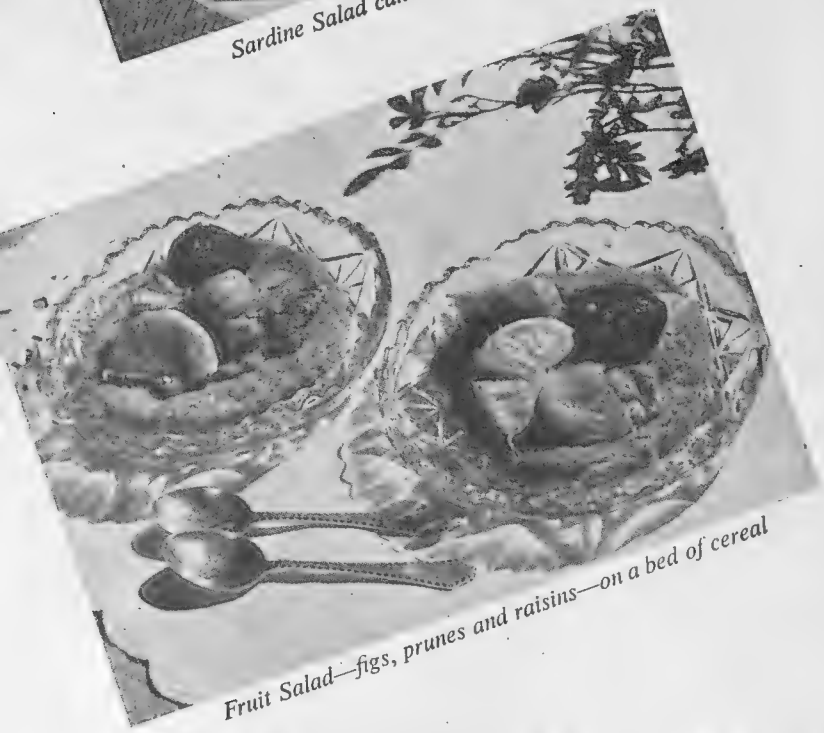
You have been told of various things that help to clear the bloodstream, but one of the most essential things, especially when you are getting older, is to avoid an accumulation of poisons in the body. A healthy diet lessens the strain put on your bloodstream and your arteries, as it lessens the amount of toxins to be carried away by the blood, and therefore keeps the blood constantly pure. We will send you a food routine on request, which should prove really beneficial.

In summer a healthy diet is not only more possible, but more palatable. Use your own intelligence in interpreting the food routine If you are fat you can avoid all the more fattening things; if you are scraggy, all the rules given are just as effective for you, and the diet can be bolstered up with salad cream on your salads, milk mid-morning, and so on.

But remember it is a health diet and if it is healthy for you to be slimmer you should slim on it, and if it is healthy for you to be fatter, you should fatten.

Salad Ways

Sardine Salad can be hors d'oeuvres or main dish



Fruit Salad—figs, prunes and raisins—on a bed of cereal

WE are far from the days when salad was just salad. In France *une salade* was always a plain green salad of lettuce, or chicory or even dandelion plainly dressed with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper; in England it was an indigestible affair of lettuce, tomato, radishes and thick slices of cucumber.

In our time salads play a much more important role, they supply the first course, sometimes the main dish, and sweet salads are often served as dessert. Here is a mixed collection :—

DRESSING FOR PLAIN GREEN SALAD

An eggspoonful of salt, a good pinch of pepper; dissolve in a tablespoonful of vinegar. Add a few drops of liquid paraffin, stir well and shake all over the salad.

EGG DRESSING

Put a tablespoonful of dried egg powder into a bowl, squash out the lumps and add an eggspoonful of salt, one of mustard powder and a pinch of pepper. Work well together and add sufficient cold water to make a thick, smooth cream. Beat well with a fork and just before using add vinegar to taste, beating it well in.

CREAM DRESSING

A dessertspoonful of dried milk powder is worked with a coffeespoonful of salt and a pinch of soft sugar in a bowl. Add a coffeespoonful of prepared mustard, a pinch of pepper and mix well. Just before using, add vinegar little by little, beating well until you have sufficient dressing the consistency of thin cream.

BACON SALAD

Save your bacon rinds, fry them crisp and crinkly and chop them up. Have ready a plain green salad dressed with the plain dressing and add the bacon rinds while still hot. Stir well before serving.

POTATO SALADS

Cold cooked potatoes make an excellent hors d'oeuvre salad cut into cubes or slices and mixed with chopped onion or shallot. The bowl can be rubbed with a clove of garlic and

For Lunch Or Supper

CURRIED FISH PIE

Again any kind of fish will do, even salt cod. The fish should be boiled first and then flaked into a curry sauce, the recipe for which I gave last month. Mix well and turn into a fire-proof dish. Have ready a smooth purée of potatoes and cover the fish with this, spreading it out evenly on top. Put a few tiny blobs of margarine on top and brown quickly in the oven or under the grill.

FISH SOUP

Any kind of fish will do—I have even made it with the heads, skin and bones of six whiting. About half a pound of fish for four people. Cut the fish into small pieces and have, also cut up, one potato, two leeks, a carrot, an onion, a small clove of garlic. Put all this with a nut of margarine into a saucepan, adding salt, pepper and a pinch of curry powder.

Cook for a few minutes, stirring well. Now add a bunch of thyme, parsley and a bay leaf and six bowls of boiling water —when the soup has simmered and reduced there will be enough for four people.

Bring to the boil, put the lid on loosely and let the soup simmer for about one hour. When the fish has cooked, take off a few flakes, keeping them aside.

Cut a few croutons of thin white bread, sprinkle with grated cheese and fry them golden brown in a little fat. Strain the soup into a clean saucepan and put in the flakes of fish to get hot. Place a few croutons in each plate or bowl and pour over the soup.

SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI, ETC.

Peel and chop one onion and a clove of garlic and cook gently with a small nut of margarine. Add salt, pepper, and a tiny pinch of curry powder. Sprinkle over a tablespoonful of flour, stir well and cook gently till slightly brown. Add a tablespoonful of concentrated tomato such as one can still find in continental food shops, stir again and then add, little by little, hot stock made with concentrated meat extract or meat cubes. Add a bunch of thyme, parsley and bay leaf. Stir and beat till smooth and simmer very gently for about ten to fifteen minutes. Strain. Hand separately a little grated cheese.

RAVIOLIS AU GRATIN

Cook the raviolis in boiling salted water —about fifteen minutes : one cannot give precise time as they vary; you must taste one, but do not over-cook as they become sodden and heavy. Put into a strainer, refresh under the cold tap then back into a saucepan, just covered with cold water. Bring to the boil again once and strain.

Put the raviolis into a fire-proof dish rubbed with a margarine paper. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, white stale bread-crumbs, a little grated cheese and a few blobs of margarine. Brown quickly in the oven or under the grill.

STUFFED POTATOES

Choose potatoes as large as possible and oval shaped. Parboil them in their skins; remove and cut them in half lengthways, leaving the skin on. Scoop out a good hole in each half—the potato flesh need not be wasted; it can go into a soup or can be used for mashed potatoes— and fill with the following mixture :—

Peel and chop one small onion and a tiny clove of garlic. Brown in a little margarine and add sausage meat—half a

By ROBIN ADAIR

the salads dressed with egg or cream dressing. This should be done about an hour before serving, so that the potatoes have time to soak in the dressing. Just before serving, sprinkle with chopped chives and parsley and any other herbs, such as tarragon and chervil, when available.

SARDINE SALAD

If this is to be served as one of various hors d'oeuvres allow half a sardine per person. If as a luncheon dish, two whole ones. Remove the sardines from the tin, scrape off the skin, split carefully and remove the bone. Have ready some prepared lettuce leaves, washed and dried, arrange a little bed of them and place the sardines on these. Make an egg dressing, add the oil from the tin and beat well together. Mask the sardines with the dressing, and sprinkle first with finely-chopped cooked beetroot and then chopped parsley. If serving as a dish, garnish with plenty of extra beetroot cut in slices.

FRUIT SALAD HINTS

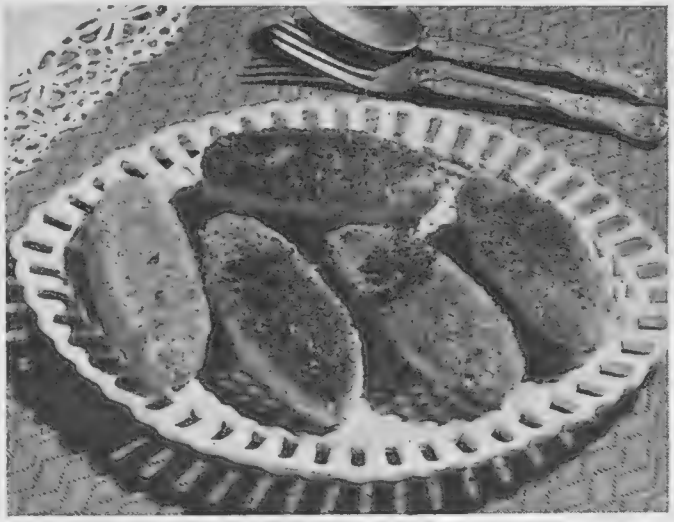
I find that most people have a few preserved fruits (either home-bottled or tinned) in their store cupboards. These make excellent salads. If unsweetened the best way is to bring them to the boil gently with a little golden syrup. Let them get cold and then, when possible, ice them. Before serving add a good sprinkling—a heaped tablespoonful per person—of breakfast cereal of the flake or puffed variety, or broken bits of biscuits crushed up. Another good sweet is a thin slice per person of stale cake first soaked in fruit juice and served icy cold, with the fruit piled on top.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER SALAD

Have a mixed vegetable salad of diced carrots, turnips, beans, peas—either fresh or tinned—add a few cubes of cooked potato and beetroot. Then take slices of Spam or similar luncheon meat, a fairly thick slice for each person—and cut into cubes. Mix well and dress with an egg dressing to which rather more mustard has been added. Mix thoroughly and garnish with crisp lettuce or other green salad leaves. Cold, cooked fish flakes can be used instead of meat or even as well as meat for the combination of fish and meat is often excellent.

ONE DISH SUPPER

A convenient and pretty way of serving a little supper, all on one dish. Choose a large round, pretty flat dish and arrange the following, all pointing into the centre. Have plenty of toast fingers, crusts off, spread with margarine. Fill with the following: bloater paste with scrambled dried egg on top; liver sausage mashed and seasoned with chutney or Worcester sauce; meat paste with one sardine on top of each, masked with egg dressing; meat paste with finely chopped beetroot and grated raw carrot on top; shredded lettuce with wafer-thin rounds of radish. Sprinkle all the things carefully with chopped parsley and fill the centre circle.



RISSOLE DUMPLINGS

First have some pastry dough made, roll out very thin and cut into 4-in. to 6-in. squares. Have ready also the value of two eggs with egg powder.

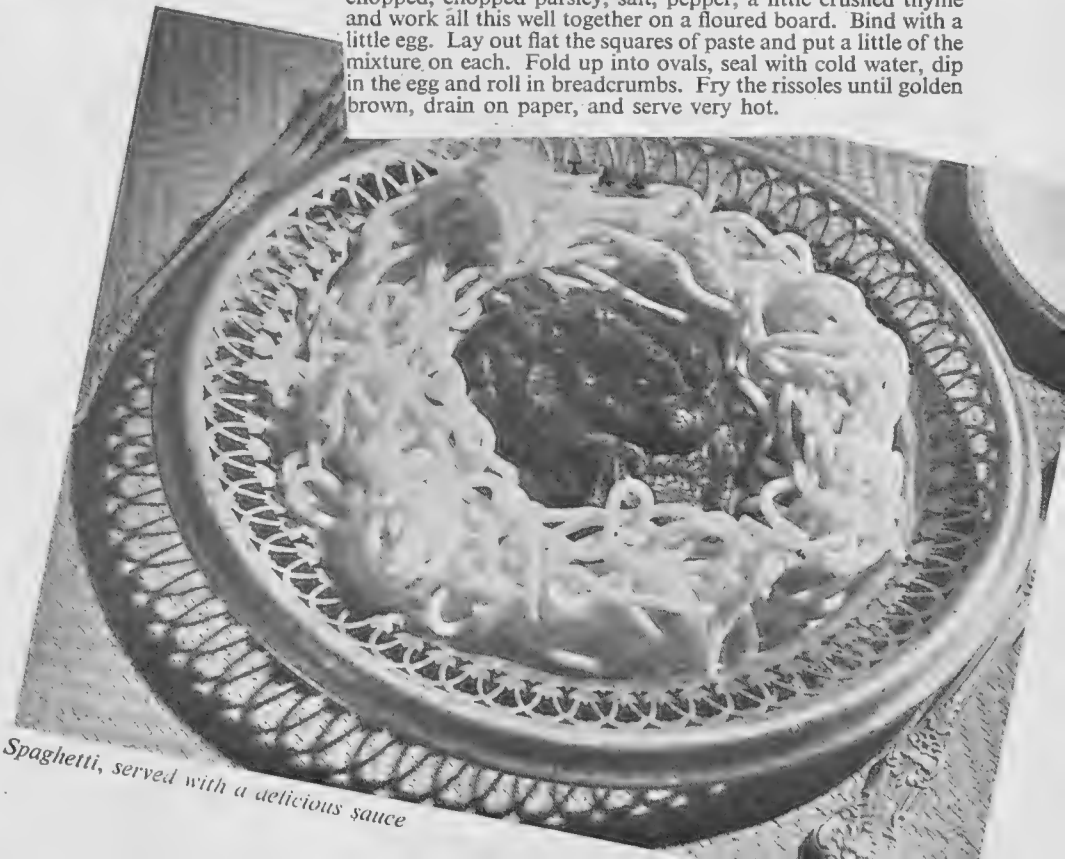
Take a pound of sausage meat, one small onion finely chopped, chopped parsley, salt, pepper, a little crushed thyme and work all this well together on a floured board. Bind with a little egg. Lay out flat the squares of paste and put a little of the mixture on each. Fold up into ovals, seal with cold water, dip in the egg and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry the rissoles until golden brown, drain on paper, and serve very hot.

pound for four potato "cases," salt, pepper, and, if available, a little tomato sauce, also a dash of Worcester sauce. Cook together for a few minutes and add a heaped tablespoonful of chopped parsley and some crushed thyme. Mix again thoroughly and fill the potato cases. Put a small scraping of margarine on top of each and bake in the oven until the potatoes are cooked.

VEGETABLE RAGOUT

Peel and cut up into rounds about the thickness of a half-crown piece, potatoes, turnips and carrots in equal proportions, and for two pounds of mixed vegetables, peel and chop one onion and some parsley.

Put a small nut of margarine in a frying-pan, add a layer of vegetables, salt, pepper, a little of the onion and parsley; use up all the vegetables in this way. Make a teacupful of hot stock with a cube of concentrated meat extract and pour this in. Stick into the middle, thyme and a bay leaf tied together, cover with a well-fitting lid or a large plate and cook slowly till the vegetables are done, shaking the pan occasionally, but not lifting the lid. They should be ready in about one hour, when you may look and test with a fork or skewer. Remove the herbs and serve in a hot dish.



Spaghetti, served with a delicious sauce

MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER WILL ALWAYS BE ARGUING THE MERITS OF THE NEW AND OLD METHODS OF . . .

Bringing Up Baby

WHEN you get a young mother, enthusiastic for the principles of modern mothercraft and a grandmother who argues, reasonably enough, that she has brought up a healthy family without all this scientific palaver, there is bound to be conflict.

Feathers fly between young mothers and older ones on the question of whose methods are best.

What is the answer? Should mother's theories about child rearing be utterly relegated to the past? Are we, the younger generation, entitled to give ourselves airs? After all, experience is important. Every healthy adult is a tribute to some old-fashioned mother's method of baby rearing.

Undoubtedly both are right in their opinions at some time, and, at others, both are wrong. In any case the battle goes on and these are some of the questions which most frequently provide the bone of contention.

Should a young baby be left to cry?

Innumerable grandmothers have added to their grey hairs worrying about "That poor little mite who must have something wrong or he wouldn't cry," while the young mother says: "No. He must learn that he can't always be picked up."

The young mother is right in her theory that discipline must be started from the earliest age. Even tiny babies are clever about getting their own way. On the other hand enthusiasm for discipline must be tempered with a common-sense ability to assess the value and the cause of a cry.

A cry of hunger is noisy, tearless and always ceases after feeding. A cry of pain in a young baby is of a more whimpering quality. If the baby squirms and draws up his legs he probably has abdominal pain. If you are sure that he is warm, not hungry, and not uncomfortable from pain or wetness, then you can be sure you are right in interpreting his crying as a try-out to get you dancing attendance on him.

The modern mother puts the baby out in his pram in the hardest weather. Grandmother says it is cruel.

In this case, the modern mother wins. Providing that the baby is in good normal health, that he is well wrapped up and does not have cold hands and feet, he is far better sleeping in his pram, screened from draughts in the open air. A baby who has been accustomed, from the very first, to sleep out of doors in all kinds of weather, will probably sleep better than he does indoors. Grandmothers cannot adequately defend their fears of fresh air.

The modern practice is to send a child to nursery school from the age of four. The old school says that seven is quite early enough. "Don't hurry him," says Grandmother.

This is an issue that must be partly decided by the health and temperament of the child. In most cases of normal health and active temperament the nursery school is a blessing to the mother and the child.

Occupation is essential to the child of four or five to whom every waking moment of the day is a moment of discovery.

Children of this age, left to amuse themselves at home, frequently pass into a difficult stage, where displays of temperament and acts of mischief are traceable to the frustration of their rapidly developing faculties, if not to sheer boredom, or loneliness.

A good nursery school does not overtax the child, but it provides an essential outlet for his abundant energy and invaluably prepares the way for later school discipline and study.

Many grandmothers are accused of spoiling the child while its mother is trying to initiate reasonable habits of discipline. Grandmother sabotages the good work with the excuse that he is "only a baby and doesn't understand."

Grandmothers are notoriously more indulgent of their grandchildren than ever they were of their own children. The most likely explanation of this is that at this point they have neither the hard work nor the responsibility of motherhood, though they have the same interest in the child. Therefore they are more free to be indulgent.

The young mother is right in her insistance upon the enforcement of discipline, so long as the system is flexible and based upon principles of good understanding between mother and child. Grandmother is right to criticize the kind of discipline that makes no appeal to the child's understanding and co-operation. No child should be punished for some act of wrong-doing committed in ignorance, neither should he be punished at all unless he fully understands the reason for the penalty he has to pay.

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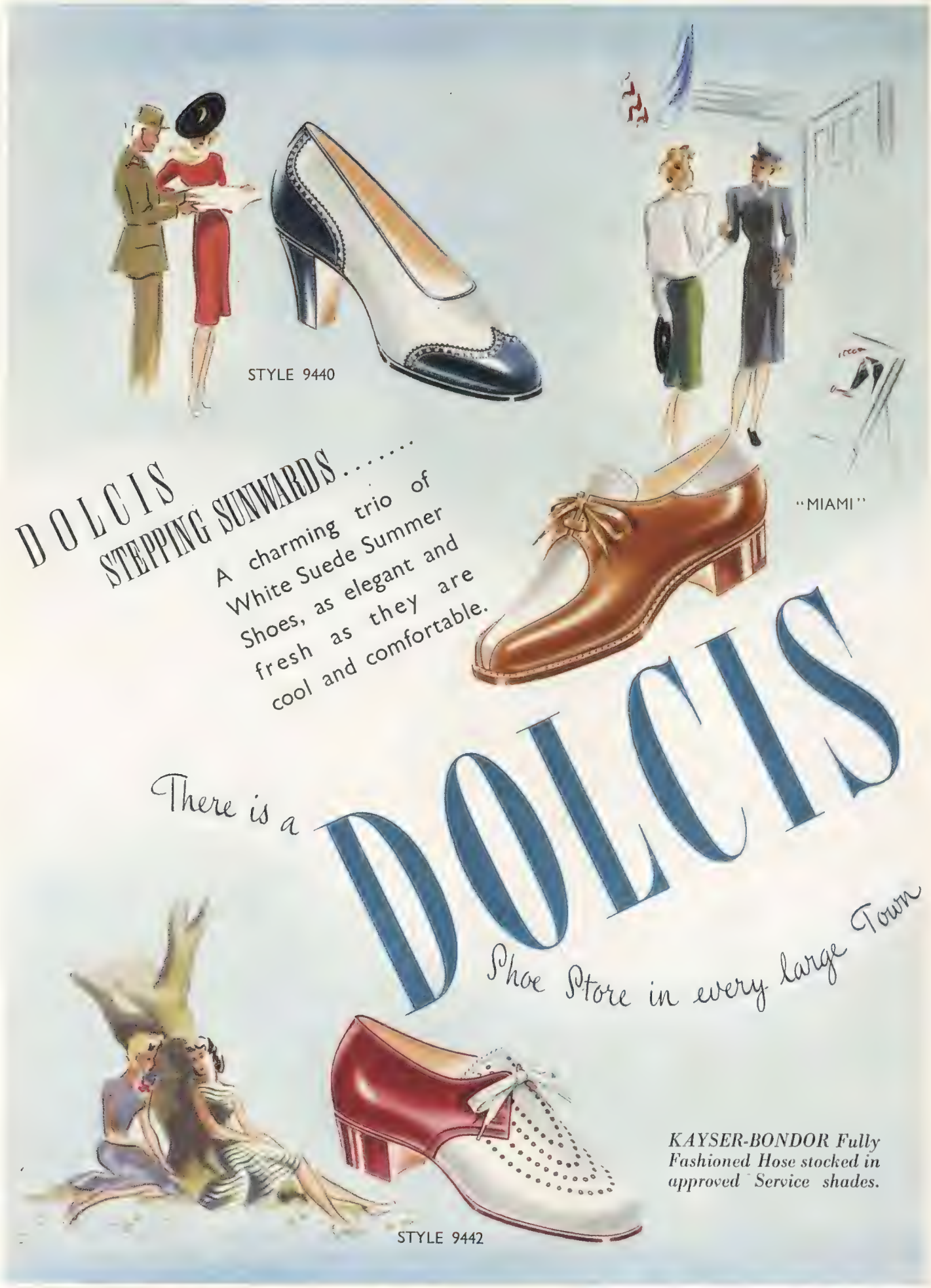
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Saving Time

THE watch and clock repair situation being what it is, very careful nursing of these now almost priceless timekeepers is essential.

Careful day-to-day handling does prolong the life of watches and clocks and certainly keeps them from long and costly visits to the repair shop.

Clock mechanism is intricate and delicate. Few people accord their timekeepers the tenderness that their fragility requires. Careless winding is the beginning of many troubles. A heavy-handed, jerky and hurried movement when you wind a watch is putting a great strain upon a fragile spring. Regularly done in this manner, the spring is sure to give way in the end. A light, rhythmic movement is best, slowing down towards the end, so as to ensure that the spring is not strained beyond its capacity.

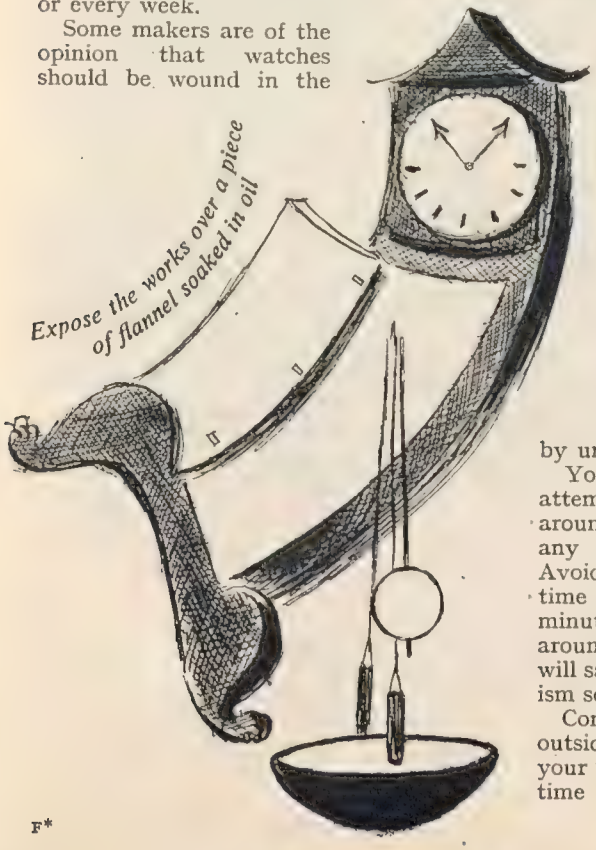
Regular winding is important for both watches and clocks. Get the habit of winding them at the same time every day, or every week.

Some makers are of the opinion that watches should be wound in the morning, not as most people are accustomed to doing, at night. This, they say, is because the spring is at its strongest when, fully wound, the watch is getting most of its jolts throughout the day. When the spring is running down and then more vulnerable to jars, it is resting quietly in the bedroom.

Fluctuating temperatures have a bad effect upon clocks. This is why it is not wise to keep a clock on the mantelshelf, where the heat of the fire maintains a hot atmosphere which falls sharply when the fire goes out. Heat has the effect, too, of thinning the oil in the works and of drying it.

A periodic visit to the repair shop for cleaning is the best insurance against serious breakdowns. Do not leave the cleaning of watches and clocks until corrosion has already done its damage.

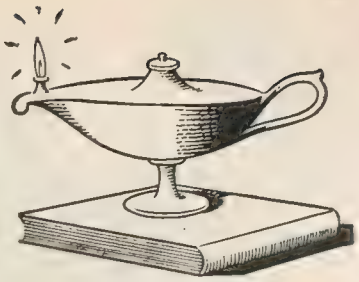
The old-fashioned method of home cleaning with a paraffin flannel is quite effective, if the works are not already too corroded. To do this, open the back of the watch or clock, exposing the works, and support it, works downward, over a piece of flannel soaked in the oil. The watch should not touch the surface of the flannel. Leave it overnight. The fumes of the oil loosen and effectively dislodge minute particles of dust and dirt from the works.



Never tamper with the works of a clock or watch. Never, in any circumstances, be tempted to start the works off with a sharp instrument. If winding and a very gentle shake will not set the mechanism going, there is some defect, which can only be increased by unskilled tampering.

You are asking for trouble if you attempt to move the hands of a clock around the face with your fingers or by any other means than that provided. Avoid turning the hands backwards if the time has gained on you. It takes a few minutes more to turn the hands right around the full extent of the dial, but it will save the trouble of a broken mechanism sooner or later.

Common-sense care is all that is needed, outside unavoidable accidents, to keep your clocks and watches in the best of time and tempers.



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Watch On The Rhine (*Continued from page 13*)

212 degrees, the other, an old-fashioned Réaumur, boiling point at eighty degrees. I supposed this was Germanic thoroughness.

We moved on to Solingen, the steel city, and the Major made me billeting officer and Mess president. With a German interpreter, I scoured the residential quarter adjacent to our tank park picking the best houses for billets. Finding a Mess was a problem, but on the corner of a wide avenue, I spotted the biggest house I had seen so far, behind a wall enclosing well-tended gardens. I asked who lived there. The interpreter said, Herr X, a big factory owner, president of the Hunt Club. He seemed disinclined to enter. "It's not comfortable," he said. "I think I know a better place."

"Come on," I said, and led the way in. A maid opened up. My interpreter spoke to her, she looked at me, answered, and suddenly slammed the massive door. "What's she think she's doing?" I asked. The interpreter said nervously: "She's frightened. She's gone to fetch her master. It is all right. Excuse her."

The portal opened again. An enormous shaven-headed Hun blocked the entrance. He looked at once menacing and nervous. His hands were at the brass-studded collars of two huge crop-eared boar hounds. He looked at me and grunted something at the interpreter. "He says he has no accommodation," muttered the interpreter, who was now almost behind me.

"How many people are living in this house?" I demanded.

"He lives here with his wife and daughter."

"Tell him to get out of the way." And I tapped the big man on his paunch with my finger. He had been standing there like Siegfried facing the dragon. He now folded back like an automatic door when you press the button.

I took his baronial dining-hall for our dining-room, said we would want his kitchen. "He says: 'Where will his cooking be done?'" I said we'd managed very well in barns and fields. He had a large house; tell him to fix himself a kitchen in one of his spare rooms or go picnic in the garden. The big man glowered and retired.

He abandoned the ground floor, and withdrew to his upper stories. I never saw him or his hounds again. The invisibility of the latter might have been due to a message I sent via my interpreter. I would have a dog of my own around the Mess, and if his hounds attacked it I would shoot them.

We had no troubles. One sunny day I had the crews grooming their tanks—we used metal polish on the carburettors now: wives and lady officers would come out from Cologne for lunch and a ride in our tanks—when I heard drifts of shooting from the direction of Dusseldorf. Dusseldorf was unoccupied (the French grabbed it later during the Ruhr business). We paid no attention. We read in the papers that there was some muddled kind of civil war in Germany, where Saddler Ebert, Tailor Scheidermann and Carpenter Noske had armed the police, called in the generals, and were shooting it out with the Karl Liebknechts, Rosa Luxembourgs, Kurt Eisners and Ernst Tollers, Reds who wanted to bolshevize bourgeois Germany. But we weren't interested. We had done with fighting and war; we were basking. If any one had started anything in our area we would have been very annoyed, and the tanks would have been out in the streets in no time, with full machine gun belts and shells in the six-pounder breeches.

Once or twice, visitors from the French occupation zone brought a flash of sharp interest in current German politics and the German future. They were more ostentatious in that zone. Always military parades and bugles blowing. Our Major came back from a visit much amused. "Every time the Gauls change sentries they bring out the regimental band." They did rougher things, too, sometimes, having keen memories of Boche occupation manners in their own country.

German men were sullenly or eagerly obedient, wary to avoid trouble. German women sometimes took advantage of their sex. I had billeted myself on a factory-owner. One day I summoned him to my room to confer—I wanted something or other. "Have a drink?" He was willing. I poured him a whisky from the bottle (3s. 6d. in those days). "Water?" He looked at his two-finger drink, shrugged. Thinking he disdained so small a drink, I proffered the bottle, and he held out his glass. What the hell, I thought, and filled it. He swigged it as one drinks beer.

Next day his wife met me in the hall and shook her finger at me. She seemed displeased. When this occurred again I summoned my interpreter and told him to find out what went on. He returned to inform me that soon after leaving me my host had fallen down and been carried to bed. His wife blamed me. Had the man lowered the tumblerful for fear of offending me? Maybe he had.

Little pictures drift up from the pool of memory as I back-track my mind twenty-six years. Stacks of yellowish fat blocks in shop windows and queues to buy it—we understood that the Germans had been starved of fat—though the Rhineland citizenry carried more flesh than the French folk who for so long formed the background of my war life. Tiers of cakes and pastries, very fancy, in confectioners' shops. The prosperous air of Cologne and the jutting stomachs of over-forty citizens among the Sunday strolling crowd. The fleshy crowds at an open-air swimming pool, and the flushed, angry face of a youth who banged on the door of a back room whither three British officers and three German girls had retired to drink Rhine wine and play a gramophone—the youth's companions, looking scared, dragged him away when the door was opened; the girls only laughed. A tall, tweed-clad Englishwoman crossing the Hohenstrasse with a blue-and-white armlet around her bicep—my first sight of a Rhineland garrison wife (the armlet was the Adjutant-General's idea).

When the ban on wives ceased in the summer of '19, married couples packed Cologne's Marricer Hotel, and husbands began to come in to work on the 7.40 a.m. express, like civilian office folk. Wives relieved the pressure on partners at the Club dances. There were the girls one met at the QMAAC and WRAF officers' messes, at the P.V. Club or the Leave Club; but the shortage was terrific, and one attractive girl could have a dozen love affairs on her hands at once.

We had fun. We went shooting in the rolling, wooded country between Solingen and Cologne, using the Hunt Club's curious guns, two barrels for birds and a third rifle barrel underneath for deer. There were moonlight picnics, and power-boat trips down the Rhine, tennis, and golf, and race-meets, polo, and the Sports Club at Lindelthal.

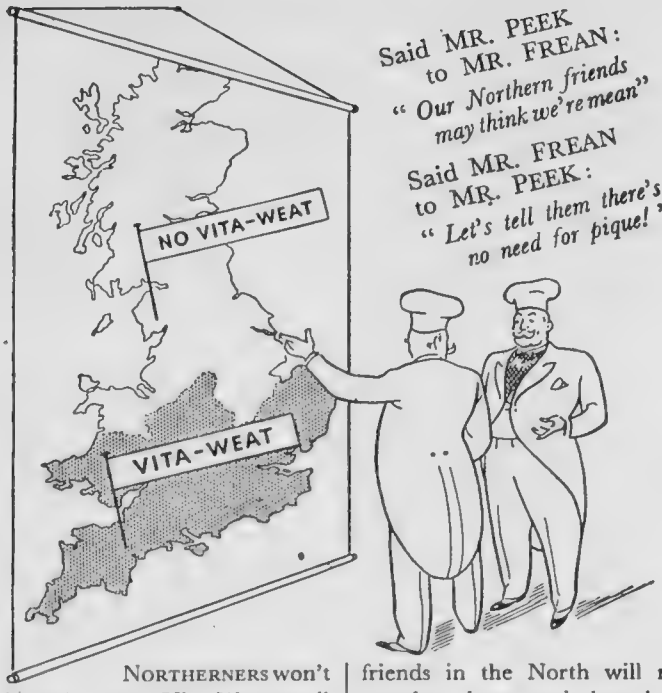
But when the chance came to claim demobilization priority on the grounds that I must complete an education interrupted when I went to war, I jumped at it. I was twenty-two. Between the rifle and jam-pot bombs I began to use to kill or try to kill Germans, and the tank-carried machine guns and six-pounders I wound up with, stretched five years. A long time. This occupation business was a spree, but I had had enough of it.

Then the French quarrelled with the British, and the British with the French, and the Americans with both, and both with the Americans, and the Germans played both ends against the middle; and my early feeling was confirmed, that the whole Occupation was a waste of time and life. A botched job, falling to pieces.

The thing to do was to occupy the whole country, not merely the Rhine's west bank; occupy with a definite purpose, and stay until it was achieved; and, once the Germans were weaponless, leave the occupation job to elderly garrison troops and armed police. (Occupation is no job for a young soldier.)

Maybe we shall do better this time.

END



Said MR. PEEK to MR. FREAN: *"Our Northern friends may think we're mean"*

Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK: *"Let's tell them there's no need for pique!"*

NORTHERNERS won't be able to get Vita-Weat until after the war, as the Government's zoning scheme is now in operation. But Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean hope that their friends in the North will remember them, and that their more fortunate customers in the South will be able to get a share of the limited supplies of Vita-Weat that are available.

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This used to be more or less unavoidable, because face powder shades were made without a scientific knowledge of skin tones. Then, to find out which tints made up each complexion type, Pond's analysed the complexions of hundreds of lovely girls under the colourscope. Through this analysis they evolved five shades—Natural, Rachel 2, Peach, Apricot, and Suntan—which blend so perfectly with their corresponding complexion types that they are *non-detectable* on the skin, and give it an irresistibly natural look.

The colourscope, which was used to analyse all types of skin before Pond's blended their face powder shades

Try Pond's Powder today—all five shades are now available. You'll be amazed at the difference it makes to your complexion. You'll love its perfume, too. From chemists, hairdressers, and stores, 10½d. a box, tax inc.

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WHATEVER THE 'SPREAD'

Make HOVIS the Bread

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

Across The Wilderness Of Judea

(*Continued from page* 15)

pause the heavy door slowly swung back, and we were bidden to enter, leaving Solomon outside with the donkeys.

We followed our guide down steep staircases and along winding passages until we emerged on to the terrace that overlooks the gorge. The view was most awe-inspiring. But the barrenness and desolation was inclined to be depressing, coupled with which was the heat, for there is nothing to temper the rays of the hot sun. The monastery was occupied by some fifty monks, who lead an ascetic life, eating little else than vegetables and fasting frequently. The principal occupation, besides the care of a few lunatics and refractory monks, would appear to be the feeding of the wild birds in the surrounding wilderness. The huge black ravens that dwell here are so tame that they will eat out of the monks' hands.

Mar Saba will ever be famous for the number of hymns that were written there. The best known, perhaps, is "Art Thou Weary? Art Thou Languid?" It was written in Greek some 1,220 years ago by a pious monk named Stephen, and translated centuries later by Dr. Neale. Other well-known hymns penned in Greek by the Monks of Mar Saba include "Come, Ye Faithful," "The Day of Resurrection," and "Those Eternal Bowers."

Arrangements had been made for us to stay the night, and although our sleeping chamber was a somewhat gloomy apartment, there was really little to complain of. We were up at daybreak, being anxious to reach Masada by nightfall. We wished our monastery friends good-bye, leaving a suitable sum for our night's lodging and the water and fodder, given to our animals.

It was late in the afternoon when Masada came into view. Masada is one of the strangest natural mountain fortresses imaginable, severed almost entirely from the range of mountains on its western side and towering to a height of 1,700 feet above the plain of the Dead Sea. Its sides are not slopes, but mighty precipices up which no army could climb. Only on the west is it connected by a narrow neck of land, known as the "serpent," and it was by this that we gained the plateau at the summit and inspected its ruins.

Masada was the last Jewish stronghold that held out against the Romans after the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. To it fled a desperate band of fanatical Jews under Eleazar, who, knowing the natural strength of the location and how Herod the Great had added to it by building a wall round the summit, thought the Romans could never force them to surrender. This wall enclosed the whole of the plateau and was constructed of white stone. It was seven stadia in circumference and was furnished with thirty-seven towers. Herod also built a palace, barracks and other buildings. The soil of the plateau was rich and Herod encouraged cultivation so that the garrison could have fresh vegetables. There were many large cisterns in which rain water was stored.

The Romans pursued the Jews to Masada, dragging their great besieging engines across the desert, a no mean feat in those days. With tremendous difficulty and after months of toil, their engines were set up against the encircling wall which Herod had built. A break was made in the wall and the Romans were ready to storm the fortress.

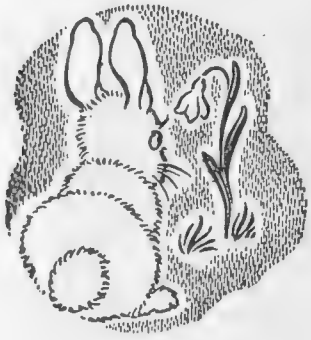
The Jews learned their intention, and now occurred what is probably the most tragic ending that ever happened to a besieged force in the world's history. They agreed to kill themselves, as well as their wives and children rather than surrender. Before doing so, however, they gathered all their valuables into a heap and set them on fire, so that the enemy would find no spoils. Then each ran to his wife and children, tenderly embraced them, and then slew them with all possible haste. Ten of them were appointed by lot to kill the other men, and after bidding farewell to one another, each man lay down by his friend and presented his neck for the blow.

After the ten had executed their deadly mission, they again cast lots for one of their number to dispose of them in the same way, which was done, the last man then killing himself. In all, 960 persons perished in this way. Two women and five children, however, hid themselves in one of the underground vaults, and when the Romans came next day to assault the place and found no enemy, but only a deathlike silence, they were met by these women with the terrible tale of what had happened.

Masada is unoccupied and has been for well over a thousand years. The remains of the wall that Herod built, as well as the towers, forts, barracks and what is believed to be part of his palace, and cisterns for water, can still be traced.

END

RUSTLE OF SPRING..



After five years of Winter, as far as domestic radio sets are concerned, the first sign of Spring comes in the "Industry" set, which is now in the dealers'. We, at EKCO, have always taken pride in our individuality and will again—but this "combined" production will help out those people who need a new radio now.

EKCO RADIO

Keeping The Big "EYE" On Germany

(*Continued from page* 16)

smouldering, snarling land whose every smile will be suspect.

In a sense we shall be setting up an Allied version of the Gestapo, only humane. The determination to ferret out German secrets will be no less than the Gestapo showed in respect of their compatriots.

All who go to Germany on this far-flung mission should get it firmly into their heads that they will not be on a "boring police job that could be done by any one," but more importantly employed than at any time during the war. In Germany they will be the few selected from the many. The real risk will come as the years go by, when the tendency will be to forget all about this war in general. This will be precisely the time when the Allied Security Army will most be needed and to combat its getting stale or "easy," short-term service, frequent home leave, and full amenities in Germany, should be obvious steps

Amenities in Germany! Why, the life there will be too ghastly for years on end, when Hitler has done with it. What I mean is that the Watching Army will not all be tough guys, ready to shoot from the hip. Quite a few will be women, and many of the opposite gender will be specialists of the brainy order, whose best is not forthcoming in deadly, dull billets in muddy village streets —all too often the permanent setting of intelligence work in warlike conditions.

If we want our watchers in north-west Germany to keep up to the mark, year after year until heaven knows when, then Whitehall will have to show imagination.

One way will be to keep hundreds of young people with special aptitudes in training in this country, since one secret of the watchers' success should reside in constant freshening of mind over in Germany.

The BIG EYE looks like being a dual affair: watching the Germans from ground level and from above. And the first process should be sub-divided into invisible and visible watching.

Heretofore civilized methods of watching an "occupied" population have taken the form of postal censorship, registration, circulation by permit only, check on clandestine printing, ditto radio, no assembly of more than three persons, and the use of informers. With curfew, town fines, and a Summary Court as correctives. That was how it was in Cologne a generation ago, but you have only to glance at the present Cologne to see that such measures are now remote from reality.

More important than the watch on Germans in the mass will be that upon regions liable to (*Continued on page* 56)

AND NOW . . . THE

AUSTIN 10

for after the war

Among the many important war-time advances which distinguish this 10 from its 1939 predecessor are: engine and transmission improvements for quieter running and yet longer life; "softer" engine mountings; lubrication refinements ensuring longer bearing life; improved gear-box; easy variable-ratio steering; extensively sound-insulated chassis with strengthened spring mountings; stronger back-axle mechanism; seating and interior re-designed for added comfort.

In short, the Austin 10 will be the most comfortable, *most dependable* family 10 yet built.

★ *In addition to this* 10, *the Austin post-war programme will comprise* 8, 12 *and* 16 *h.p. cars—four-door saloons only, with choice of* 3 *colours.*

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"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

Background can make or mar a snap

Never let background details 'steal the picture' as in the diagram. Choose a background that is simple and either much lighter or much darker than your subject. For portraits, sky makes an ideal background.

When you have no choice and must make the best of a poor background, take care about what is directly behind your subject—snaps are so easily spoilt if, for example, things apparently grow out of peoples' heads.

By the way—Moving the camera, even slightly, while you press the shutter prevents the picture from being sharp. Learn to 'click' with a slow pressure of the thumb or finger only—movement of wrist or forearm tends to jog the camera. It is best to stand with feet apart, camera in both hands, and elbows tucked firmly to your sides.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR **KODAK** FILM

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It is likely to be some time before

CHIVERS Olde English MARMALADE

is available again. When it is, the good news will be announced in this paper.

Till then, buy any marmalade or jam bearing the CHIVERS label—they are surprisingly good for war-time, being made by a firm with a reputation for high-quality food products.

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FOODS FOR INFANTS

F 38

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LIXEN ELIXIR, in bottles, 2/3, 3/11

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LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L/53/J

produce forbidden war material surreptitiously—and that term "war material" will cover the widest range. These factories, mines and plant will be put under control. As an instance, C. S. Robinson of the Ministry of Supply, is to be Britain's chief watcher over what is left of Germany's vast chemical industries, and he will also have the crucial mission of watching German scientists lest they strike upon some new and more frightful than ever method of warfare. There will be any number of greater or lesser Robinsons around, as is foreshadowed by the announcement that several hundred men with technical and scientific qualifications in the major industries, are required by way of a start, at salaries ranging from £500 to £1,000 plus board and lodging and foreign service allowances. But in spite of these myriad controllers, the Nazis are certain to persist out of sight and that is where watching from above comes in—by the Photographic Reconnaissance Units of the R.A.F.

To alter the last word of the late General Von Fritsche's prophecy made in 1937: "The military organization with the best photographic reconnaissance will win the next *peace*."

These past years have demonstrated that it is practically impossible to hide warlike activities from the aerial camera. The Germans were driven across France largely because they were blinded until they produced their jet Swallows whose appearance coincided with stabilization on the Maas and Saar. Montgomery and Bradley could do much as they liked without risk of being perceived. Or look at it this way. Take the flying bomb, most significant change in war technique since the tank. The flying bomb was revealed by an English girl who was puzzled about a curious spot on a photograph taken over Peenemunde. That spot, put under

Keeping The Big "EYE" On Germany

the most powerful, stereoscopic lens, was found to be a small aircraft mounted on a rail. And we know what followed—the day-to-day study of countless sites provided proof positive of the impossibility of hiding such developments.

It is obvious that the air camera must play a big part in the watching of Germany, indeed, that there must be a permanent photographic patrol over fixed beats in Germany for years ahead, so that anything odd on the ground or water may be noted—and odd things there are sure to be, if there's anything in the Nazis' reputed intention to go on resisting, and producing the wherewithal underground. When the camera revealed suspicious activity, mobile columns could be directed to the spot to investigate.

These camera patrols should be the more yielding in that in most cases—except over Nazi reduits or other resistance centres—the operators could come down as low as they liked and proceed as slow as they liked. If a camera can be fitted in a helicopter or an Auster-taxi, then these are the very machines to maintain the upper watch on Germany. The former could hover at will, having the closest look-see, while the latter could cruise around at "fifty" and alight on any road to challenge even passers-by! Information from a variety of sources, not least from Germans and the pooled Allied Intelligence in Berlin, could direct the camera eye up hill and down dale and even if the Nazis still got away with secret stuff at night, the chance of their leaving traces on the surface, sufficient to equal that Peenemunde spot, would be great.

END

The Tenants of the White Cottage

(*Continued from page* 19)

afternoon the two boarded a train for London. They were seen by more than one of our townsfolk (Mr. Sykes, the vet, and Miss Glasenby of the R.S.P.C.K. shop were two); and it was agreed that Dick Beverley now carried two suitcases and his woman a small one.

Brampton hadn't had time to chew the flavour out of this when it had an even tastier morsel. Early on Saturday morning, Mrs. Beverley, carrying a small suitcase and dressed for travelling, walked down to Shuker's Garage, took a taxi to the station and caught the London train.

A week went by and neither of the Beverleys came back. And then a month went by without anything being heard of them. The rent was paid up to the end of the year, and so I was not bothering. After all, it was not my business or any one else's in Brampton.

Time went by and the interest waned. I let the White Cottage to a middle-aged author and his young wife who stayed two years. I was beginning to find property owning (for I owned also The Manse, a larger cottage about fifty yards away) somewhat of a nuisance, and decided to sell the two cottages, and I called on Brooker, the house-agent in the High Street.

It was just at this time that there began to be a lot of talk in the town. I have forgotten to mention the new arterial road which had just been finished and ran obliquely through Brampton, cutting it into two almost equal parts. There had been a great deal of opposition to the road, but nothing could be done about it.

The talk in the town was not about the road. That was all over and done with. The talk was of a roadhouse which, the rumour went, a rich London company was going to build in Brampton. It was to be a big and gorgeous place with a swimming pool and so forth. I was dead against it and, as a member of the Town Council, I could make my wishes heard and felt.

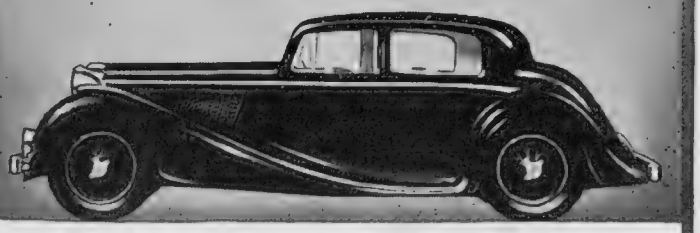
I knew opinion on the Council was very divided, and I expected the voting to be close. But before the evening of the meeting a new aspect of the matter was put before me and I voted for permission being granted. Only a fool refuses to change his mind. I had a visitor. I admit he came from the interested company. I admit also that he wanted to buy the White Cottage and The Manse, as the sites they occupied were considered ideal for the swimming pool and he offered me a, well, an extremely good price. That did not influence me one iota. But what did was an aspect of the matter which had not occurred to me. He pointed out how few were the amenities in Brampton for young people, and how the roadhouse would make good this lack by giving every one the opportunity to enjoy the healthy delights of swimming, dancing and music under the very best and safest conditions, and at a price within the reach of all, or at any rate, of most.

And so the thing went through and the work began. And it was during the demolition of the White Cottage that the discovery was made. Or rather *after* the demolition, for it was while they were digging down deeply under its site that the remains of a body were found.

The body was that of a young woman and there was little else but the skeleton; certainly not enough to identify her. Fortunately, however, there was evidence in her mouth which established the fact beyond any doubt that she was Mrs. Beverley: this was some fine bridgework done only a few months before her death by Mr. Hoyle of Hailsham. A very good man; my own dentist in fact.

And while this was being established, and afterwards, Brampton (every man, woman and child) was discussing the event morning, noon and night, and wondering and hypothesizing and declaiming. I never had any doubt in the matter myself. I was as sure of what had happened as if I had seen it with my own eyes. First of all this: when Brampton noticed how suddenly Mrs. Beverley had changed, the poor young creature was already dead, murdered by (*Continued on page* 58)

Jaguar



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. . . creates a lovely new complexion . . . helps conceal tiny complexion faults . . . stays on for hours without repowdering. "Pan-Cake" Refills are now available to fit the containers we hope you have saved . . . price 7/4 each.

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SPOSS Floor Dressing is back again! All you have to do is to wipe SPOSS on a clean floor, let it dry, and go over it lightly with cloth or mop. And have a non-slip waterproof surface that can be kept gleaming for weeks and weeks. Footmarks, splashes, soil, can be wiped away with a damp mop. The hard labour on hands and knees is a thing of the past. So keep a look out for SPOSS.

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½-pt. bottle, price 2/-

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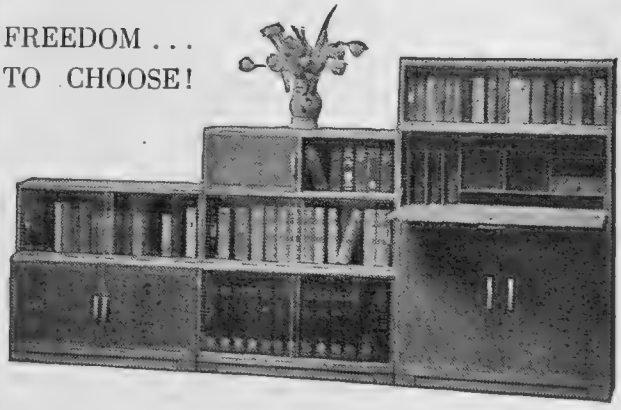

FREEDOM to live our lives as we will. To spend our leisure sunk in the luxurious comfort of a Minty chair; a Minty bookcase within easy reach, stocked with our favourite authors. Not least among the things we now look forward to in the near future is the freedom to choose the things we love—to be able to ask for Minty furniture and get it.

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by Hurrells of NORWICH
EST. 1875

her husband, who then proceeded for the next three weeks to impersonate her, his skill as an actor and a painter enabling him to do this safely. Possibly he made and wore a mask. But that is a mere detail; a bit of guesswork. He then either forged her signature on a cheque, or had got hold of a signed blank cheque previously, and drew out her money.

His wife dead, and her body deeply buried under the cottage and covered with quicklime, Beverley then ostentatiously left and with his woman took the London train from Hailsbury. But he returned secretly to the cottage and staged the departure on Saturday morning of Mrs. Beverley. A cunningly-planned and perfectly executed crime which, but for my providential sale of the White Cottage, would never have been discovered.

Not that its discovery led to the arrest of Dick Beverley. So far he has gone free and as it is nearly ten years since it happened the chances of running him to earth are now rather remote. He is doubtless living very happily somewhere or other with his woman. Of course, he may, by now, have done away with her, too. But not by the help of impersonation, for she was dark, almost swarthy, plump, and quite half a head taller than he. Still, the brain that devised the one plan would not be at a loss to devise another equally clever.

END

The Tenants of the White Cottage

Thanks—for the Memories!

(*Continued from page 20*)

were sitting in the little park by the Casino, lunching at the *Café de Paris*, or watching the pigeon shooting. *Bang!* came the noise of shotguns from the terrace. But that noise did not make me flinch. Pouter-breasted concierges, littered with gold and medals, guarded the entrance to the Casino.

"My goodness—what *lovely* cars!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked behind us and before us, at the long line of resplendent vehicles. We seemed, in some strange way, to have got ourselves into a parade of some sort.

Straight single-eights, black and smooth as onyx—flying the flag of Egypt. Turquoise speedsters—from Spain. Lacquer-red landaulets—from Milan. Cream-coloured, Alpine model—English masterpieces. . . . The most illustrious and expensive cars in all motordom. An eighteen-foot runabout hooted gently—then—angrily for us to get out of its way.

With a crunching of gears, I kept up with them. With a whine of worn-out brakes, I shuddered to a stop.

"What is *that* noise?" asked my wife.

"It sounds," I said, apprehensively, "as if it were a big crowd of people—laughing. All those people you see looking at us."

"But what have we done? What is so funny about us?"

Now I laughed too. I guess I was a bit delirious. You know, all the strain of the last few days—whether we'd make it or not.

"Well, my sweet," I said, "all we've done is enter the *Concours d'Elégance*. The Monte Carlo *fête* for the spring models. I remember looking at the list in the paper, as we were eating our lunch. That number twenty-four over there—that flamingo limousine—that man, with the fez and the Guardee moustache, you see driving it—that's Prince Feti Bey of Egypt."

"Who do you think you are?" shouted a rude policeman at us. "You are holding up the *Grand Concours d'Elégance*. You can't possibly be in it—no car here can cost less than 100,000 francs—or be more than three months old. Ha!" he cried—for all that street was listening to his wit—"how dare you take part in this contest! What are you doing *here*—with that *bundle?*"

I nodded politely in answer and threw her into gear to get out of that horrible line. There was an immediate sputter. We stopped, holding up the entire *Concours d'Elégance*. Then I broke into idiotic laughter. I laughed louder than the crowd—which was not laughing any longer. It was angry, shouting now.

"What is that queer sucking noise?" asked my wife.

"Oh, nothing. It just means that we have no petrol."

Well, there you are (or at least, we were). Happy days. I think I have learned more about France from breaking-down cars than I ever did from the statesmen in Paris. I've seen life in the raw in France, I have. This story actually happened, pretty much as I have given it, if you will believe me. We had that beastly car almost rebuilt at Monte. And after the huge chagrin of my unintentional entry into the *Concours d'Elégance*, I was no longer afraid of the porters who guard the front door of the Casino.

I went in to play. And found myself sitting beside Chaliapin, the great Russian singer. The last time I had met him—and it was the only one—was when a friend of his introduced me to him in the swank Hotel Astoria in Petrograd—quite some time before the Russian Revolution.

Chaliapin was playing for 100-franc pieces. I followed him, and lost quite a packet. It wasn't even a flea-bite for Chaliapin. He yawned, and opened that great mouth—from which has poured some of the most majestic singing in the world of opera. He stretched himself—like a yellow lion—and left the Casino. He was plainly bored to death with everything.

At this table—the 20-franc minimum, 24,000 francs limit—I saw a man pop 10,000 francs on the "middle dozen"—in real money.

"*Rien ne va plus!*" cried the *croupier.*

And the Casino took it.

This old man must have been quite a dog in his time. For he still wore grey suede tops to his shoes—and his pomaded hair was parted down the back. He bowed to an old dowager and kissed her hand as he left the table. He, too, looked bored with life.

As I left the Casino, I saw the old French dandy standing below the steps. The man with the suede grey tops to his little, sharp-pointed shoes.

Very carefully he took a little silver case from his pocket. From it he removed about two inches of dead cigar butt. It was charred, and it took him several matches to get it going again. Then, gallantly twirling his stick, he strolled off down to the Terrace.

Do we want *all* of those days back? Personally, I don't. All Europe was very much like my car at that time. Always breaking down. Always being kept going—with bits of string.

I don't know whether or not there will ever be a *Concours d'Elégance* again. I don't see why there should not. The beauty of the workmanship that went into those splendid cars, somehow—well, such loving skill in craftsmanship seems always, to me, justifiable. But I don't think that in the next hundred years there will ever be a Great House built again—those monsters, built to satisfy some rich man's overwhelming pride. The "stately homes" of England have had their day, it's gone. And it has been lost, let slip into Limbo, largely because of the "stately domes" of England—the selfish, stupid people who built and lived in such social eyesores—eyesores, that is, if you take the slums of London into the picture, at the same time.

That day I felt sorry for the little French dandy, who had gallantly lost his 10,000 francs, without the flicker of an eyelid. Today, I'm not. I thought about him, for some strange reason, when I put my typewriter on my bed this morning—at 4 a.m.—to write this article. He walked pertly into the picture, as I had been lying, half-awake, thinking of the "old days." Did I want them all back? The playboys?

No. I am prepared not to travel abroad after this war is over for a long, long time. It will be a terrible thing, for us all, if directly after all the death and agony of this war—we go back to most of that futile life again.

"*Rien ne va plus!*" will cry Fate. And the House will take everything.

END

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like a dream
are Norvic Shoes,
in styles supreme

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OTHER ATTRACTIVE STYLES AVAILABLE ★ THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD., NORWICH

Nature And The Weather

(*Continued from page 25*)

itself in the mud and, breathing only once every two hours, lies dormant until the autumn or winter rains replenish the stream. Then it breaks out of its muddy prison and begins life in the water once more.

Although fish will die if frozen for any length of time, there are some animals which can stand being frozen solid. Some snakes have been frozen so stiff that they could be held out like a stick. Then they have been placed in front of radiators, thawed out and been none the worse. Frogs have also been frozen as hard as stones and have lived to tell the tale.

Apart from the increased difficulty in finding food, winter can be a terrible enemy of animals. A coot which once rested on some ice became frozen to it and held a prisoner until starvation ended its life. A similar fate sometimes overtakes other water birds. Some birds plunge into snow-drifts and sleep there in a similar manner to an Eskimo in his igloo. But sometimes the outside of the drift freezes solid and the birds are then imprisoned by an unbreakable crust of ice. Birds flying for long distances during cold weather have sometimes been forced down through their wings becoming iced up. At Worcester in Massachusetts iced ducks once fell in the streets.

But deaths through weather conditions are by no means confined to the winter. One of the most disastrous happenings can be a summer hailstorm. During the violent storm which swept across Essex two days after Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897, game and poultry were massacred in large numbers and there was a wholesale slaughter of birds in the hedgerows. Rabbits and other animals caught out in the fields were severely pounded.

It is not generally realized that hailstones as large, and even larger, than normal-sized oranges sometimes fall. They come whizzing down at speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h. In such conditions even larger animals can be killed and there are several records of cattle being killed in such storms.

One of the strangest tricks wind plays with animals is responsible for the so-called "rains of fishes." Sometimes fish, frogs, or other small creatures suddenly fall from the sky over a small area of land. The explanation is a waterspout or tornado which has sucked up the animals from water or land and carried them for several miles and then, when the powerful updraughts of wind have at last broken up, showered them down upon the earth.

END

Mist On The Moon

(*Continued from page 28*)

fury of a father defending his newborn from imaginary danger, White Face and Silver Coat slipped quietly away.

Fortunately for the northbound swimmers food presented no particular problem. The sea was full of bass, pollock and salmon, all of which they could snatch as they swam. Finding the clams and shellfish they liked most, however, wasn't so easy, and they spent many a long hour looking for them.

On one occasion, having ferreted out a small store of the precious bivalves, they were lying on their backs in a shallow bay, cracking the shells together with their nimble forefeet, so they could get at the luscious meat inside, when a herd of those bloodthirsty killers of the sea, dolphin whales, came surging in from the open Pacific.

Too preoccupied with their pleasant task to notice them, something, a mysterious impulse in the water, perhaps, warned White Face and Silver Coat of their danger. Droping the shells as if they had been hot potatoes they whipped around and submerged so swiftly, nothing but a clutch of agitated bubbles marked the spot where they had disappeared when the killers churned over it a few seconds later.

To say that the intrepid couple were discouraged by these repeated frustrations would be an exaggeration, and far from the truth.

There were times, nevertheless, when a sinister combination of animate and inanimate things all but brought their not-so-steady world tumbling down about their ears. There was the occasion, for instance, when White Face was on a partially submerged rock one day, bolting a salmon he had blitzed in the indigo depths, when a commotion in the water nearby revealed his terrified spouse being pursued by a fourteen-foot hammerhead shark.

The big otter's heart turned over in his chest, for he knew perfectly well that no sea otter in the world could possibly match strides with a full-grown shark on the war-path.

The plucky little matron had no intention of giving up without a desperate struggle, however. Her eyes starting from her head, and her powerful hindlegs churning furiously, she doubled and twisted, back-flipped and side-slipped.

It was no use. She might as well have given up in the very beginning and saved herself a hopeless struggle. No matter how frantically she twisted and turned, the horrible head, with its staring eyes, was always right behind her, nudging her flank.

White Face slipped so silently into the water he hardly made a splash. Boring through the streaks of foam like a high-powered torpedo he drew alongside the furiously-swimming shark, and making the most of the moment when the horrible creature was turning over to seize his despairing spouse, he lunged forward and sank his teeth into the thick, muscular body.

No longer interested in his quarry, and concerned, now, only with his attacker, the shark whipped his sinewy length about in a savage attempt to close with him. Fortunately, the otter managed, by a sheer miracle, to keep clear and put everything he had into grinding his teeth deeper and deeper into the whipcord body till the struggles subsided to mere twitches, and the glare faded in the malignant eyes.

The taste of blood in his mouth and a song of victory in his heart, White Face finally released his hold and swam cautiously around his limp antagonist, ready to pounce on him again if he showed the slightest sign of fight. Finally convinced that he had drawn the footpad's fangs, and that there was nothing more to fear from him, he churned away and rejoined his subdued, but still breathless, mate.

This almost fatal run-in with the shark made a lasting impression on the young matron. The brush with death must have chilled her heart because she kept close to her big mate's flank after that and stubbornly refused to be inveigled into even the most innocent-looking excursions.

If she hoped to avoid her destiny she was sadly mistaken. Sea otters were meant for danger and adventure, for mountainous waves and mist on the moon. And when the princely pair did their best to avoid danger, Providence, as if bent on tempering them still further on the anvil of adversity, promptly whistled up a fresh embarrassment that dwarfed all previous experiences.

They had surged past the fog-drenched Aleutians with their jagged crowns plumed with restlessly moving kittywakes and murres, and were swimming in the general direction of Bering Strait, when death alighted on their shoulders and literally breathed down their necks.

Their usually keen senses momentarily dulled and blunted by over-indulgence in clams, and lulled into a false sense of security by the screaming wind and froth-crested waves, they were sleeping off their orgy in a weed bed close to the base of a spume-drenched cliff, when they wakened to find themselves surrounded (*Continued on page 62*)

HIS SHOES HAD THEIR NUGGET this morning!

THE SHINE for EXTRA SMARTNESS

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SUPREME for QUALITY

Use sparingly—still in short supply

Joan is *full* of fun

Always getting up to something. So high spirited too. Taxes all your energy to keep pace with her.

But in your heart you know her health is all that matters. Like all wise mothers you agree that when needed, a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon correct stomach upsets and regulate the system. It is the natural treatment for children — the laxative they like. 'California Syrup of Figs' keeps them regular, well and happy.

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by several tense-faced Aleuts in small boats.

Blowing furiously through their whiskers they made for the bottom—or at least tried to make for the bottom—only to find themselves hopelessly entangled in the odourless meshes of a finely woven net of sinew that had been cunningly spread over the weeds prior to their arrival.

Yelling triumphantly, the natives brandished their big seal clubs and closed in for the kill. But just as they were about to bring their primitive weapons down on the hapless otters a United States Coastguard cutter, her sharp stem knifing the water and black smoke belching from her rakish funnel, hove in sight. Seizing their paddles, and jabbering excitedly, the Aleuts melted into the spume, leaving their intended victims to extricate themselves from the net as best they could.

It was shortly after this that they found the place of their dreams, a weed-fringed island with its bleak cliffs pitted with caves into which the sea sighed and sucked in a weird cacophony of sound. Moving confidently into the heart of the kelp bed they turned over on their backs and, watching the waves thundering against the cliffs and falling back in torrents of creamy foam, they knew this, at last, was home.

END

Grey Eyes and Greenbacks

(*Continued from page* 32)

we couldn't get married until his next leave he was going to leave me something to look after until we could get one of our own. He has the craziest ideas."

The sailor nodded. "Not bad at that."

"And he said, joking, of course, that if I looked after Junior and kept him well while he was away it would mean he was coming back—safe." She tried to laugh it off as a silly idea but her laugh was a little too quick, a little too forced.

"We'll find him," said the sailor.

"We must. It seemed just a joke last night but now John has gone it—it sort of frightens me. That is why I had to bring Junior out early this morning so that he could have and enjoy some fresh air and some sun."

The sailor understood. Maybe he should have gone home after all. "We'll find him," he repeated.

A moment later a park policeman came strolling down from the direction of the Zoo. He stared for a while at the two crouched down in the odd manner at the edge of the water.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

Both the girl and the sailor looked round quickly but the sailor answered first. He got up and shook himself, straightened his blouse and pushed back his cap.

"She's lost Junior." Then remembering his own misunderstanding, and realizing, after two days' experience, that one must never try to be smart with New Yorkers, he added: "Junior's one of them turtles."

The policeman became interested. "The little kind you get up on Broadway?"

"That's it," said the sailor. "Only this one's special. Her boy in the Navy gave it to her and it sort of means if she keeps it alive while he's away he'll come back all right. Sort of steadies her, like a baby would."

"You want to look right in under them stones," said the policeman, and then there were three who were looking.

"Not many people about," ventured the sailor.

"Bit early. Another hour or two on a nice morning like this they'll be all over the place. From out of town, eh?"

"Yeah." The sailor wondered what had given him away.

"Stick around. You'll see 'em. Here's one of the first of 'em, a regular, one of the dog walkers. They're always first."

A stout lady with a very small dog on a lead came down to the pool, attracted by the peculiar behaviour of the other three.

"Good morning, officer," she said. "Something wrong?"

"Morning, ma'am, nice morning." This time he rose and stretched himself. "The lady there lost her turtle. It's kind of important. Her husband's in the Navy and she's expecting a baby and you know how girls get funny ideas at times like that."

"Oh, poor thing!"

Then there were four people looking for one tiny turtle.

Then it seemed that there were dog-walkers on all the paths and they began to converge with the idle aimlessness of dog-walkers to see what was going on. A little old gentleman came first with a Boston Bull on a lead.

"Hullo, Martha," he said to the old lady. "What's wrong?"

The old lady nodded towards the girl confidentially. "That poor girl. Her husband in the Navy is missing and she's expecting a baby any minute."

"What has that got to do with these antics?"

"It's her turtle."

The old gentleman turned pink with the frustration of dealing with stupid womenfolk but just then his dog barked.

The policeman, who from long experience in Central Park knew just how and why dogs barked in any given circumstances, was up on his feet in a moment. "Hold him, don't let him move," he cried. Then he was down by the stone at which the Boston had barked.

Triumphantly he rose and the sailor and the girl and the old lady and the old man were around him in a moment.

"Here you are, lady, here he is."

The sailor took it from him and examined it. "It's O.K.," he said; and then gave it to the girl. A look of understanding passed between them and then he looked away to avoid once more seeing her blink the sudden moisture away from her grey eyes.

The policeman and the old man were already strolling on their way, and the other dog-walkers resumed their easy walking.

The sailor and the girl were left alone and the sailor was feeling foolishly pleased with the world in general and New York in particular. The glitter of Broadway was one thing, but somehow he felt he had, in the last few minutes, been initiated into the real heart of New York, and that it was good. But it made him feel all the worse about his own girl.

Then the girl was holding out her hand to shake hands.

"Thank you," she said. "I don't know what I should have done without you."

"That's all right, miss I didn't do anything."

"But you did. You see, John only left last night and—well, I was feeling very bad about it, but, well, it's not so bad now."

Her eyes were looking straight into his and his eyes dropped because he was thinking about what he had done to his own girl, who, deep down inside him, he knew was just like this other sailor's girl.

As if she could read his thoughts she spoke again. "I wish—I wish I could help you to see her. You don't know how much it means."

His own guilty feelings made him blush again. Then she was opening her bag and digging into it. First she brought out a card.

"That's my name and address," she said. Then she dug down again and her hand was covering something. "Please don't mind this. Take this and go home to see her. Fly if you can. If you want to, you can pay me back with the money you save at sea. Please take it. It's so terribly important. The money doesn't mean anything to me. It would make it much easier for me if I felt I was helping your girl to see you too."

By this time he knew he would never be surprised by anything that happened in New York, but he also realized as he looked into the girl's grey eyes that sometimes receiving gracefully is more important than giving.

END

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Parozone does more than bleach—glass and crystal, china, enamelware, porcelain and tiles, plain white woodwork, all are brightened by its efficient action; the sink, the hand-basin, lavatory trap, and drains are freshened and sterilised.

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Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

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TWICE *on Sundays?*

Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care *must* be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains * 'Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

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Hand-Knit Blouse

(*Continued from page 37*

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 69 sts. Work as for the back until 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. every row at the armhole edge until 47 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 4 ins (on the straight). Change to yoke patt. of k. 1, p. 1 rib. Work for ½ in.

SHAPE NECK (right side of work facing)

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 28 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front with shaping at the opposite edges.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 86 sts. Work 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles (inc. 1 st. at the end of last row, 87 sts.).

Continue in patt. for 5 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 4 rows. Make a buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 4, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, cast on 4, rib 4. Work buttonholes 2 ins. apart. Continue in ribbing 16 ins. Make another strip, omitting buttonholes.

COLLAR

Cast on with No. 12 needles, 117 sts. Work 2 rows k. 1, p. 1 rib. **3rd row.**—* Rib 4, m. 1, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * until 3 sts. remain, rib 3. Work 2 more rows rib, then change to patt. Work for 1½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 9 needles. Work in patt. for 1 in. Work 3 rows plain knitting. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on front strips to fronts. Sew on collar. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Run in cord or elastic through the holes of lower edge.

Young-Girl Sweater

(*Continued from page 37*)

the first row with p. 2). Change to No. 8 needles. Continue in ribbing, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 150 sts., then every 6th row until 162 sts. Continue without further shaping until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Change to yellow wool with a k. row. Continue in ribbing, dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 126 sts. When yellow strip measures 2 ins. change to blue wool (with a k. row). Rib for 2 ins. Change to red wool (with a k. row). Rib 2 ins. Change to white wool (with a k. row).

SHAPE NECK

Rib 48 sts. (place the remaining 78 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the 48 sts., casting off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 neck edge rows (until 36 sts. and armhole measures 7 ins, ending at the armhole edge).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows. Leave the centre 30 sts. on a spare needle. Work 48 remaining sts. to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles and white wool, cast on 50 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and k. 2, p. 2 rib. Work for 1 in. then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 104 sts. Continue without further shaping until 18½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then at beg. of every row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 12 needles and white wool, with the right side of work towards you, join wool at the centre back. Rib 23 sts. from the back of neck, beg. with p. 1 and ending with k. 2, pick up and k. 18 sts. from the shoulder on spare needle. Rib 30 from spare needle, beg. k. 2. Pick up and k. 18 sts. to shoulder. Work in ribbing across back of neck to opening, ending p. 1.

Work in ribbing for 1 in. Cast off on the wrong side and in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. With No. 10 crochet hook and white wool, work a row of double crochet down each side of back opening. Make 4 button loops on the right side of opening. Press seams only with a warm iron and damp cloth.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; s = slip; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease or decreasing; inc. = increase or increasing; beg. = beginning; m. = main; rep. = repeat; patt. = pattern.

The Merry Month of May

(*Continued from page 42*)

being the belief that Christ's crown of thorns was fashioned from the hawthorn.

On May the eighth is held the famous "Furry Dance" at Helston, in Cornwall, when a band marches through the town, gathering a Pied Piper procession of followers, growing in snowball fashion. In the middle of the day, a hornpipe tune strikes up and away go the dancers, up and down the streets, in and out of the houses, through which a tacit right of way exists for the occasion. The original reason for this celebration has been lost in the mists of time, but the name is derived from the floral garlands worn by its participants.

As lately as 1794, the first of May was still commemorated in Perthshire as the festival of Beltan, a remnant of pagan Baal worship frowned upon by religious authorities. Caudle was brewed over a wood fire in a trench hollowed out of the hillside turf, a confection of eggs, butter, oatmeal and milk, lavishly accompanied by beer and whisky. And at Abbotsbury, in Dorset, the beginning of this century saw (and perhaps still sees) a survival of tribute-paying to the sea-god, Neptune, in the form of floral offerings taken out to sea in fishing boats and brought back into the church, on the thirteenth of May.

It is natural to feel, to speak and to write lyrically about May, the month when the exile looks longingly homewards, struck by nostalgia; remembering the sweetness of this time, more dependable than April, fresher than June. In spite of May's essential note of merriment, however, snatches of verse come poignantly to mind. . . .

Kipling's: "Buy my English posies!
Kent and Surrey may . . .";

A. E. Housman's:

"The orchards half the way
From home to Ludlow fair
Flowered on the first of May
In Mays when I was there . . .";

and, of course, Browning's: "And after April, when May follows . . ."; a few fragmentary echoes of all those who have voiced the wanderer's remembrance of an English Maytide.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

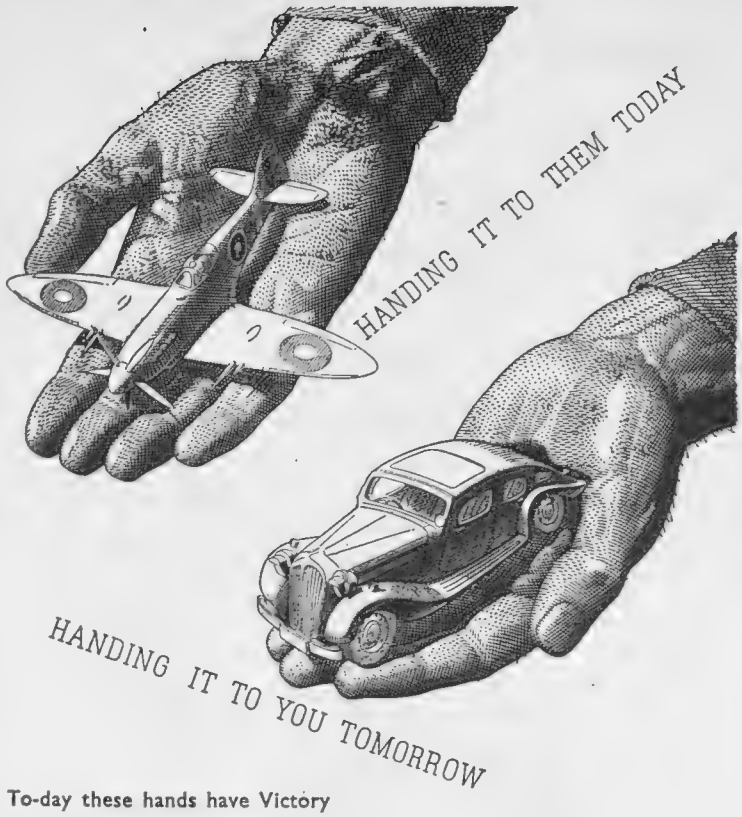
Whenever: I see hands in a stocking

I think

"Ah Aristoc!"

Sigh no more, lady. Both you and we look forward to the day when there will be a more generous supply of your favourite stockings. Meanwhile we are making *Aristoc Utility* in attractive shades. Supplies are limited but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS



To-day these hands have Victory in their grasp. To their inborn skill the nation owes its priceless air supremacy. To-morrow this same skill, heightened by five years' devotion to the nation's cause, will turn to the making of the future's finest cars.

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A light rub -
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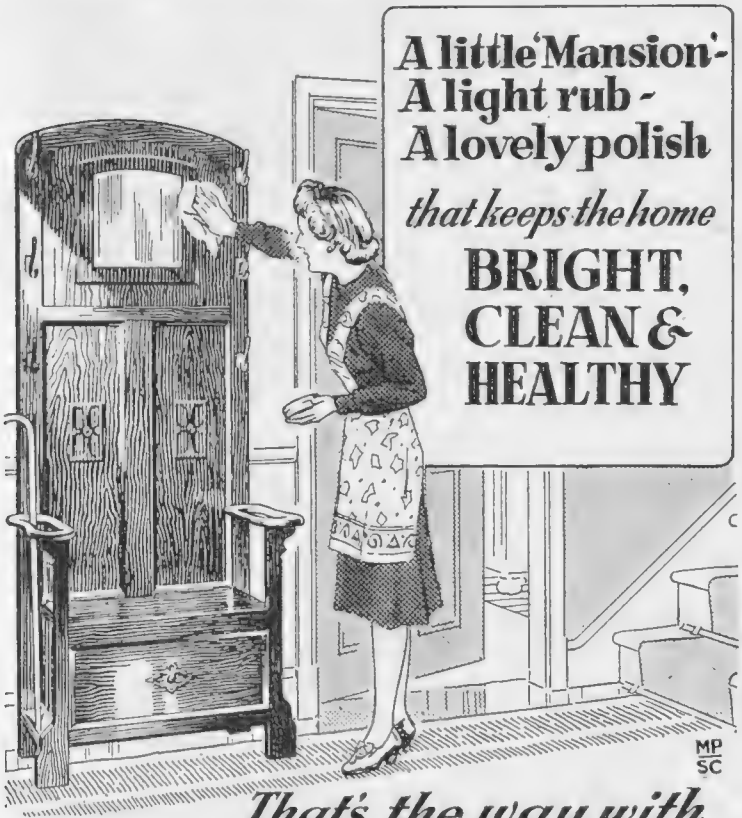

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From a doctor's diary

This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognised.

"'. . . Can you get it twice, doctor?'

Yes, I'm afraid you *can* get it twice—and more than twice. Venereal diseases are not like the ordinary infectious diseases—mumps, and whooping cough, and measles and so on. If you've had these once, you're usually safe. But that's not the case with V.D.

You can catch V.D. just as often as you take the risk. Just recently I saw a man who first came to see me ten years ago. He told me he'd picked up a girl, taken too much to drink, and been intimate with her. When he arrived in my clinic a week later, he knew he'd got gonorrhœa—I didn't have to tell him. After months of treatment he was cured. Four years later, he came back again with the same sort of story. And again it took months to put right the result of one evening's indulgence. I thought he'd learned his lesson that time. But no. Ten days ago he came back again. I've started him off once more, this time on the new treatment for gonorrhœa.

I know he's an exceptional case. We shouldn't have much hope of checking the spread of V.D. if most people didn't have higher moral standards, more self-respect and self-control than he's got. I mention him only to show that one attack of syphilis or gonorrhœa does *not* prevent a second attack, and that, leaving aside all questions of morals or ordinary decency, promiscuous sexual intercourse always carries a risk and cannot be made safe."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT ARE AVAILABLE at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. (The addresses are given on local posters.) Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH · THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR HEALTH EDUCATION

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Books (*Continued from page 41*)

maid. But waves mean more than Venus to a sea-dog like Mr. C. S. Forester's Hornblower; they mean also Mars, and he does not hesitate to quit Smallbridge squiring and the domesticities when he is offered a Baltic command in 1812 to help prepare for Russia's war with Napoleon, woo Sweden and Prussia to our side, and safeguard our vital Baltic trade. "The Commodore" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) traces his adventures on that crucial mission with the characteristic Forester touch. Hornblower sails on to greater triumphs.

The boredom of satiety in a supposedly happy marriage between two people who grew up together is the theme of Mr. George Vaizey's "Through Another Gate" (Harrap, 8s. 6d.). "What dull people we both were, Julian," says Olivia. "You got up, went to the office, made money, and came home to dinner. I did the housekeeping, paid a few calls, shopped, or went to a film. We invited people to dinner and they asked us back . . . And yet we were both quite pleased with ourselves." This heart-to-heart talk occurs after Julian has gone off to Germany and had an affair there, and Olivia—much to his surprise!—has done likewise in France instead of moping at home. On this wave of mutual confession they find, together, that future which is "only the past again entered through another gate." A marital problem of broad human interest, neatly diagnosed.

Prepare for chuckles when a U.S. author begins: "The first boarders I can remember are Miss Gilley and Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson was sleeping with Miss Gilley, and that was why mother told me the facts of life." Miss G. "taught history, and girls athletics, and was a great big blonde woman who didn't wear corsets." As for Mr. R.: "Your food is wonderful," he told mother, "but what I like best"—smiling at Miss G.—"is the kind of people you take in." With lodgers like that, and a Pop who owns a laundry but fancies himself as a dabbler in gold mines, cattle ranches, oil wells and real estate, the fun is bound to be furious. I've laughed a lot at Miss Rosemary Taylor's "Chicken Every Sunday: My Life with Mother's Boarders" (Methuen, 8s. 6d.); and so, I think, will you.

Another amusing frolic is Countess Gabrielle Hessenstein's "Monkey Paradise" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), which exploits the idea of a zoo chimpanzee returning to the jungle, clad in evening dress and top hat, and telling his mates what queer monkeys the "Lords of Creation" are, with their ridiculous ways. She gets fun out of the situation—but what a wow Disney would make of it!

The Shetlands form the background of Miss Mary E. Edmondston's "Adventure in the North" with drawings by Daphne Febard (Hammond, 6s.). A party of young people go holiday cruising round the islands, and find that the interests of four visitors are not as geological as they would make out, but concerned with experiments on a secret explosive formula. Young readers, especially, will no doubt agree.

Miss Ursula Bloom's "The Faithless Dove" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) is a "Cavalcade" story of three generations from 1901 to the present day. Lady Cynthia Tremayne, who is disappointed in marriage, becomes a militant Suffragette; her son and his wife Julia have their marriage problems, too. Miss Bloom is good at recreating other days—the Suffrage Movement, 1914 War, and Armistice—but her treatment of love and the maternal does not seem sufficiently sophisticated for the class she portrays. Surely it would have the saving grace of humour even in crises over unwedlocked babies?

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

wallowed in wealth squeezed from the very life blood of the nation.

Fortunately, however, she did not remain long in her humiliating position, for eventually her salary, with various additions and perquisites, was paid over.

It was at this point that her adventures, or rather misadventures, ended and her life of literary work began. From the start she adopted a broad and unconventional style, much abhorred by the Puritans but enthusiastically received by the general public. Controversy added to her fame. Being a prolific writer she poured out work of every kind while her luck lasted. Poetry, prose, novels, plays succeed one another in endless spate. The Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields was packed to overflowing for the first production of her play, *The Forced Marriage*, with its strong and popular cast.

Every subsequent work was considered an improvement on the former, and some were voted masterpieces.

The public soon realized that the protests of her brothers in art was only envy.

In the matter of licence Dryden, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Southerne and others had been much more daring than she.

After twenty years of untiring work she reached her ambition, the pinnacle of fame, and proved to all the world that dramatic art was not a masculine field only.

APHRA BEHN was still comely and attractive when she was seized by an illness that deprived her of further energy. An unskilled physician did the rest. The doctors of those times were more successful in dispatching their patients to eternity than the youthful Peeie of an Indian village, with his ritual of magic incantations.

She had been generous and kind to all, and whoever wrote about her was inspired to fill many pages with admiration and eulogy. Many have wished in vain to retrieve her work from the shadows that human prudery has cast upon it; but the condemnation of so-called right-thinking people could not prevent the rest of the world from bestowing on Aphra Behn the supreme honour. She rests among the great in Westminster Abbey.

END

A Cottage In The Country (*Continued from page 29*)

a village scene. Fortunately thatch, the primordial form of roofing, is not confined solely to cob dwellings, but imparts a homely grace to other Somerset cottages.

In the lovely villages — Selworthy, Luccombe, Allerford and Bossington — features peculiar to ancient cottages in Western Somerset are especially prominent. Here, on Exmoor's verge, many chimney-shafts, after rising above the eaves, are circular in shape, being built with large, oval beach-stones, split and arranged so as to eliminate the need for quoins. Being exceptionally hard, the native stone was often used unwrought, thus obviating long, laborious preparation. When slaty, laminated stone was employed, it was roughly dressed to form massive rectangular shafts, strikingly dissimilar to the circular ones. Another peculiarity is the placing of chimneys on side walls. Particularly in "spit and dab" habitations the chimney recesses and flues were constructed with crude surface stone, bricks, in those days, being scarce and costly; and the side wall position was deemed more economical in space and material than a central or gable-end position. When placed on the side wall long shafts were necessary to overtop the roof-ridge. The shafts were usually capped by stone slabs mounted on stubbed legs or by some other arrangement of large slates to counteract down-draught and prevent rain from descending on the open hearth.

END

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On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 43)

the sun, harsh wind, and salt sea breezes.

I was having a real "heart to heart" talk with my chemist the other day on this subject of creams and he happened to mention Pond's. He said that the supplies are coming through better now, and that with any luck you would be able to get both Pond's Cold Cream and the Foundation Cream. Wartime price is 2s. 2½d. Another piece of good news gleaned was that it would also be possible to get Optrex. Until now this eye lotion seems to have been as rare as champagne, but, thank Heaven, not so expensive.

END

Between The Two Of Us

(*Continued from page* 12)

I was just about to tell him that love is bunk. Love doesn't exist. Love is only worth what you can buy with it. I just stopped myself with the words burning my tongue.

"I suppose you're right," I said, seriously. "But if I'm ever going to fall in love, I wish it would happen. One thing I do remember about Peter is that it was heavenly having someone to watch for, to care for, to plan and give things to. It's lonely being out of love."

"Give," he said. "You're a funny girl, Eve. Most women think love is a bargain. You know, like something over the counter. This for that—how much? . . . the highest price is marriage."

"Why, and so it should be," I said, indignantly. I don't know why the indignation, because I had mentally decided it was no use playing for him—he was signed, sealed and parcelled for the fiancée up north. "If a man and woman truly love each other, surely the thing they both want is to spend their lives together, and that is marriage."

"If you were in love with a man, had been for years, and there were obstacles to your marrying him—if you knew the only way you could force those obstacles was by running away with him and trusting him—would you do it, Eve? Or would you still hold out for the gold ring and the piece of paper first?"

"If I really loved a man and he really loved me I'd trust him, follow him to the ends of the earth and back again"; I said, in the best Victorian heart-throb of a voice.

"Peter?" he asked.

"No, not Peter." Stupidly, I was confused, almost frightened, that he could think that. "Peter never wanted me that much—we talked of marriage at a vague future date—that was enough. Somehow, I know it could never have been Peter."

The last piece I hadn't meant to say, it wasn't thought out, it was unplanned, the real me talking—but how, or why could Roger Mason touch the real me, make the real me think quicker than the me that had life so well taped?

"When are you getting married?" I asked.

"God knows," he said. "Or, in other words, Ursula's father and mother. They don't want us to marry until after the war. My job's a dangerous one—I suppose they don't want any widows in the family . . . or, maybe, they just don't like me."

"Like you," I repeated, impulsively. "No one could help liking you, Roger."

"Thanks." He grinned, weakly. "Though you didn't think so last night."

"That was different." Maddeningly, I blushed. "Everything was different last night, you, me . . . the whole of life——"

Then I knew what was happening to me! Eve Carey, who was going to go places in an uncomplicated, efficient manner, was falling in love with someone else's fiancé—it might as well be with someone else's husband!

"Oh, golly!"

"What?" He raised his head. "What's the matter? Feel ill?"

"Ill?" I said. "Ill is a weak, supine word for what I'm (*Continued on page* 68)

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feeling. Roger, I've got to go home. Right away. I've got to, simply got to be alone. Good night and thank you very much."

I was away and out of the restaurant while he was still dazedly struggling for his hat, his bill and an explanation.

How I got through that night I don't know. I went to bed, and tossed and turned and smoked innumerable cigarettes. Finally, exhausted, I slept like the justly dead until my landlady's: "Aren't you going to work to-night?" tore me sullenly from my unhappy dreams and sent me dashing wildly, hastily dressed, round to the theatre.

And after the show was over, there he was, just outside our dressing-room door again.

"Why haven't you gone home?" I wailed.

"Home." He took me by the shoulders and shook me so that my hat fell over my eyes. "Home—I've a fine chance of going home at all with you behaving like a mad woman. What's the matter with you?"

"You should have gone home." I shoved my hat back and glared at him.

"Without knowing what's the matter with you? You dash off—don't even leave a place I can call you at. The only place I can reach you is this hole. What did come over you last night? Was it something I said? I did?"

"You." I was almost weeping. "You—yes, you. You've ruined my life. I wish I'd never laid eyes on you. I wish you'd leave me alone. Why don't you go back to that fiancée of yours? Now, to-night."

"You're mad," he said, slowly. "But come on."

"Where?"

"To have our supper, of course."

"Supper!" I was indignant. "You've gone and ruined my life—all my plans for my future and you have the nerve to ask me to supper—just like that. Go away!"

I turned away from him, jerking my shoulders out of his hands and ran down the passage to the street door. I half expected to hear him behind me—but he didn't come.

But the next evening when I got to the theatre there was the largest armful of roses I've ever seen sitting in my place in the dressing-room and a card which read:—

"You're ruining my leave. I can't go north until I know you're all right. Please, if you won't see me, at least leave a message with Jerry."

"Well, you've got him," said Maisie Brown, reading over my shoulder. "I never thought you would. Although you're such a corker to look at, I just didn't think you'd got what it takes to get a man in a spin."

"He isn't the one who's in a spin," I said, viciously. "And how about keeping your nose out of my correspondence in future?"

I left a message for him with Jerry. I didn't trust myself to see him again—goodness knows what sort of thing might happen to me if I did. It wasn't as if my loving him could make him love me; he was already in love with his beastly fiancée, and miserable because she wouldn't skip mama's and papa's guiding strings and run away and marry him. I figured all this out—and left him a note:—

"I'm not all right and I'll never be all right again.—Eve."

The next night just before we got our last call, Jerry brought me down another armful of roses:—

"I'm waiting for you at the same table at Ranatti's. I'm worried to a rag about you. I'm miserable, and I don't like wasting my leave being miserable—there's plenty of time for that at sea. I *must* go north to-morrow. So please come.—Roger."

All right, I thought, wearily, I'll go. And I also thought I'll dash home and put on my best bib and tucker, because, fiancée or no fiancée, I love him and I'm lonely and he ought to learn the two things at the same moment—it might help.

It didn't work out like that. When I got back to our room from the last number on the stage, Ursula Dean, elegant, cool, deliciously-looking was sitting there talking to Maisie Brown and I could see from the way Maisie's baby-blue eyes popped under my glare, and the frantic haste with which she caught up her things and ran, that she'd been telling a tale of sorts to Ursula.

"Hullo," I said, wishing I had been wearing more than a string of pearls and a feather.

"Hullo." Her voice was sweet, low, musical and she smiled showing two rows of little, white teeth and dimples quite as good as mine. "I'm Ursula Dean, Roger's fiancée. I don't wish to sound impertinent, but I must say he shows perfect taste."

"I . . . I'm sorry about Roger not going home," I said, bluntly.

"Are you?" she added. "I wonder, are you? Why should you be? But don't let's discuss that angle of it. It's not so terribly important, is it? I haven't much time."

"Does Roger know you're in town?"

"No. I came down last night. I just got to his Club as he was leaving, with his charming posy, to see you. I followed him. Naturally I was curious to find out why he had spent three days of his leave in London and had wired us the most ridiculous and feeble excuses. How did you meet, by the way?"

"He came back stage and picked me up."

"You're very frank."

"Yes, I am. So don't let's beat around any more. You want to know what I mean by playing with your property and I want to tell you that when I started to play I didn't know he was any one's property and, since I discovered he was, I've laid off. That he hasn't gone home is not my fault—I've told him to."

"Yes, so your friend, Maisie, told me. I gather she's consumed with admiration for the way you've led him along. She says only a few days ago you told her and the other girl who shares this—this place that you intended to find a rich man and marry him. She says she didn't doubt your ability to find the rich man—that enough of them chase around the theatre world—but I gather she thought it was a joke that you could get one into a marrying mood. But she says the way you've managed Roger Mason, you'll have him eating out of your hand, let alone marrying you. Is that right?"

"It might be," I said, dryly. "But let's hear your story. If you're so frightened that someone else might marry Roger that you came down from the north of England—why haven't you married him before? What have your people got against him? Even so, if you love him, why don't you marry him whatever they say or feel?"

"Oh, love." She shrugged and smiled most charmingly. "I didn't know that we were going to discuss love. I didn't know that came into it. It doesn't in my story. Does it in yours? Aren't we much of a muchness, Eve? We both want Roger for what he's got. Money, position. But I found him first. My parents didn't want me to marry him until after the war because he has two brothers and most of the property would go to them if anything happened to him. Of course, as his widow, I'd get a settlement but it would be chicken-feed by comparison."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"I don't want you to waste your time over Roger. He's mine. The notice reads: 'Trespassers strictly prohibited.'"

"Or else?" I asked, from the muffled depths of my dress, as I pulled it over my head.

"Or else I go to Roger, with Maisie's story to back me, and tell him what a dirty, cheap, little gold-digger you are."

"Well," I said, "for a case of the pot and the kettle that takes some beating!"

"It does rather. Look, Eve, be sensible. Roger comes from my sort of people. I don't say I'm any better than you—I'm just from his background . . . you'd be miserable. I know Roger. He likes a good time. He doesn't respect you—and he does me, or he'd never have attempted in the first place to—well——"

"I understand you," I said, blushing furiously. "But Roger doesn't feel like that about me, now. He apologized. He's been sweet—darling . . . he couldn't have been nicer——"

"Why, you're in love with him!" She put her head back and pealed with laughter, her neat, elegant feet beating a tattoo of mirth on the floor.

"Yes, I am," I said, suddenly furious, "and if you don't stop making a noise like a hyena I'll show you how very athletic we get in the theatre. And listen to me. It's true I made a play for Roger, just to marry him. Then I fell in love with him and, because I was in love, I decided to step out and leave you a clear field, thinking that you loved him perhaps, believing, anyway, that he loved you. Now I don't believe that, there's no reason in the world why he should love either of us. Between the two of us, Ursula, we're pretty poor bargains for any man. You can tell Roger any story you like about me. The truth couldn't be better than your point of view—but I'll fight you for him. I love him and that gives me a handle. A heck of a handle. Now get out before I ruffle you. You'll find Roger at Ranatti's in Dean Street, Soho. I won't be along for over an hour. That gives you plenty of time to colour your canvas. Scram!"

"Between the two of us, then, Eve." She patted her smooth hair, swung her lovely fur coat up round her shoulders, smiled charmingly, and left me.

I made my face up and pinned my hair in curls on the top of my head; I controlled myself but, when it was all done, and I stared at my calm, finished self in the mirror over the new eye-black, the powdered cheeks, the clean red mouth, my tears fell like heavy rain. I laid my head on my arms amongst all the muddle of the dressing-table and howled.

"I knocked," he said, "but no wonder you couldn't hear me."

"Roger!" I looked up at him for one moment but his face was so set and white that, hopelessly, I dropped my head back again on the litter of powder and rouge. "I don't know why you bothered to come," I said. "I . . . I thought I'd have something to say . . . some way of explaining . . . but . . . but I haven't. Please, please leave me——"

"I've seen Ursula. She told me a curious and rather vulgar story——"

"It's true." I lifted my head and wiped my face on the back of my hand. "There's no way of explaining it to you. It's perfectly and completely true."

"You wanted to marry me," he said. "Or at least you wanted to marry a rich man and I happened to come along."

"That's right," I agreed, miserably. "Only . . . only here's where you get a laugh and it's due to you—it's your right . . . I . . . I didn't reckon on loving you . . . I . . . I'd just decided love didn't exist . . . I thought Peter was love . . . that, love! Love's hell—just hell. And I'm in it. Now does that make you feel better?"

"Don't, for pity's sake, cry any more. It's a terrible noise. Come on, let's go and have some supper and we can decide where and how to get married as we eat it."

"Married?"

"Yes. Both you and Ursula are a pair of little tramps. I've known about Ursula for some time, as I've just told her, and I've suspected you. But you've got red hair, and I happen to love red hair."

He pulled me up into his arms.

"My hair isn't really red," I said, wildly.

"I suspected that too, probably the only honest thing about you is——"

"That I love you, love you," I said.

His mouth wasn't at all gentle on mine.

END.

1.5.45

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